
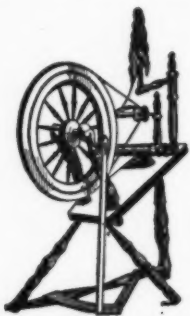




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# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XXXVI.

No. 3290 July 27, 1907.

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Vol. COLIV.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

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## NIOBE.

How like the sky she bends above her  
child,  
One with the great horizon of her  
pain!  
No sob from our low seas where woe  
runs wild,  
No weeping cloud, no momentary  
rain,  
Can mar the heaven-high visage of her  
grief  
That frozen anguish, proud, majestic,  
dumb!  
She stoops in pity above the labor-  
ing earth,  
Knowing how fond, how brief  
Is all its hope, past, present, and to  
come,  
She stoops in pity, and yearns to  
assuage its dearth.

Through that fair face the whole dark  
universe  
Speaks, as a thorn-tree speaks thro'  
one white flower;  
And all those wrenched Promethean  
souls that curse  
The gods but cannot die before their  
hour,  
Find utterance in her beauty. That  
fair head  
Bows over all earth's graves. It was  
her cry  
Men heard in Rama when the  
twisted ways  
With children's blood ran red!  
Her silence utters all the sea would  
sigh;  
And, in her face, the whole earth's  
anguish prays.

It is the pity, the pity of human love  
That strains her face, up-turned to  
meet the doom,  
And her deep bosom, like a snow-  
white dove  
Frozen upon its nest, ne'er to resume  
Its happy breathing o'er the golden  
brace  
Whose fostering was her death. Ay,  
death alone  
Can break the anguished horror of  
that spell!  
The sorrow on her face  
Is sealed: the living flesh is turned  
to stone;  
She knows all, all, that Life and  
Time can tell.

Ah, yet, her woman's love, so vast, so  
tender;  
Her woman's body, hurt by every  
dart;  
Braving the thunder, still, still hide  
the slender  
Soft frightened child beneath her  
mighty heart!  
She is all one mute immortal cry, one  
brief  
Infinite pang of such victorious pain  
That she transcends the heavens  
and bows them down!  
The majesty of grief  
Is hers, and her dominion must re-  
main  
Eternal. God nor man usurps that  
crown.  
The Nation.

*Alfred Noyes.*

## THE FIRST NIGHTINGALE.

All April day the sky had saved,  
To spend at once its savings:  
A hundred little tempests raved  
And only cease their ravings  
Now day is sinking and the west  
Is redder than a linnet's breast.

The old gilt vane and spire receive  
The last beam eastward striking:  
The first small bat to peep at eve  
Has found her to his liking.  
Now western heaven is dull and gray,  
The last red glow has followed day.

The late, last rook is housed and will  
With cronies lie till morrow;  
If there's a rook loquacious still  
In dream he hunts a furrow  
And flaps behind a spectre team,  
Or ghostly scarecrows walk his dream.

Now only trees and sods that leap  
Beneath their dusky masses—  
Only the trees seem not to sleep,  
And banks of slender grasses;  
I think these lie awake to hear  
That starting now upon my ear:  
... Importunate as prayer, a first  
Torn wall; and sweet to wounding,  
A clear and fierce, high volleyed burst  
That leaves new silence sounding,  
And echo leaping to the hall  
Of April Night's first nightingale.

*Ralph Hodgson.*

*The Saturday Review.*

## THE HAGUE CONFERENCE AND THE PRACTICAL ASPECT OF WAR.

Immediately after the adjournment of the first Hague Conference, to which I had the honor of being a delegate, I was asked to write a paper upon some general bearings of the questions there entertained for discussion. This I did under the title of the Moral Aspect of War;<sup>1</sup> considering on what grounds, and how far, it was justifiable for a nation at the present stage of civilization to sign away beforehand its power of moral action, in undefined and unforeseen instances, under the plea, to me specious and misleading, of submitting to an impartial third party a question, not of interests, nor of facts, but of right and wrong, and therefore of conscience. I held that in such decisions a nation—as a man—might seek counsel, but could not abdicate responsibility. Therefore it could not rightfully commit itself to such a course, in advance, except for such cases as admitted of clear definition, reserving to its own determination matters of moral obligation.

To give again my arguments in detail is not here pertinent; but in one particular I may properly repeat, because it leads directly to my present theme, thus linking this article to its predecessor. I urged that it is not to be supposed that nations will antecedently submit themselves to a tribunal, the general principles of which have not been crystallized into a code of some sort. A Court of Arbitration, however constituted, should have laid down for its guidance and governance certain established rules, or body of precedents, which by common agreement have reached the authority of law, and so may justly be styled law international; a code, to which appeal

may be made, and upon which decision shall rest unchallengeable. Under present circumstances, when a case shall have arisen, and be pending, its characteristic features apparent, the nations concerned will know how far they can trust themselves, as a substitute for such a code, to the existing state of international law, undigested for final formal acceptance; but there is not the same assurance for an unknown incident of the future. Where an antecedent body of accepted law is wanting, arbitration becomes a matter of personal beliefs or opinions on the part of the arbitrators; just as many so-called treatises on international law express the views of the writers, frequently discordant, as to what law ought to be, rather than a definition of what it is. Such a definition in fact is impossible, because there is not a law. Law, strictly so called, presupposes a law maker; and for international law the law-maker has not yet come into existence. Particular nations have made treaties innumerable, which are laws unto the contracting parties, for they have power to frame and impose them; but not laws to other States over whom they have not power.

The Hague Tribunal has already, in its brief existence, furnished a striking illustration of the dangers which may be apprehended from submitting to it questions of right, as distinct from questions of fact, until by an agreement certain principles have been established, and their bearings in some measure defined by applying them to specific possible cases, thus making laws; analogy from which might support action of the Court if an unforeseen case arise. The instance is none the less striking because the nations

<sup>1</sup> "North American Review," October 1899.

referring it did so with full knowledge of the matter and interests at stake, and of the existing condition of international law. It merely makes all the stronger the argument that it is unsafe to bind oneself beforehand to submit cases that are not yet foreseen. In the case of a delinquent State, compelled by armed force to settle the claims of its creditors, the Hague Tribunal has decided that in the subsequent payments the citizens of the States which thus resorted to arms to get back their money were entitled to be the first paid, and great has been the indignation of those whose moral sense repudiates recourse to force for such purposes. That this judgment rested technically upon the ground that the delinquent State had offered special guarantees only to the blockading nations, illustrates aptly the surprises that may await those who go to arbitration before details as well as principles are settled. In a pamphlet put forth under the auspices of a prominent Peace Association I find the following comment: "The decision has been much criticized, as appearing to encourage force in debt collecting; but, in seeking a strictly legal solution, the arbitrators may have been forced to ignore the ethical question involved." This supposed opposition between presumed ethical right and strict law had better be adjusted, before a question involving ethics is submitted to a tribunal liable to fluctuations of opinion, as the individual members composing it vary. It can scarcely be alleged that anything like an international consensus now obtains as to the ethical propriety of forcing a nation to pay its creditors. I do not pretend to say which course is right from the moral standpoint; but, as international law till now has tolerated the forcible collection of such debts, I own to thinking that the peoples who by resort to authorized methods obtained redress for all parties

were entitled for their trouble and expense to have the first lien upon the security pledged. Others do not think so, and there you are. On either side of the dissent is a highly respectable body of opinion; but that of the judges goes. There is neither settled principle nor adverse precedent, and the result is a grudging acquiescence by the last served.

In these cases, whatever be thought of the methods, the sufferers had little claim to sympathy, and the principle at stake, though novel and important, can hardly be said to touch vital interests or national honor: but how far does the experience encourage nations, antecedently to knowledge of the questions that may arise, and with a body of formulated law as yet meagre, to entrust to such a tribunal matters which may involve vital interests, such as the United States conceives to be embodied in the Monroe Doctrine? or of moral propriety, which many Americans thought violated in the particular decision? When a case has arisen, a government may know the extent to which it commits itself in accepting arbitration; but for the unforeseen future what standards are there whereby to measure what the tribunal will do, or will not? what the maximum and minimum limits of its action, which by the hypothesis we have bound ourselves antecedently to accept? Is it practical to consign vital interests or national honor to so uncertain an issue, by failing to reserve them? Indeed, would not the more prudent course be to state explicitly what character of cases would be submitted, and to reserve all others? This question much resembles that so much discussed of the powers of the General Government and of the several States in the American Union. If the nations are to confederate, should there not first be a Constitution? It is true that healthy constitutions grow, even when so rigidly guarded

as that of the United States; but through centuries of diplomacy the practice of nations has been slowly growing into a noteworthy bulk of precedents, material available for codification, after discussion.

Whether such codification is as yet practicable may be doubted, in view of the extensive argumentation still conducted by diplomacy over the bearing of so-called principles on current questions: but could it be effected in any degree, and definitely accepted by all the great nations, it would carry so far a certain assurance of justice, and thus to a great extent would limit the decisions of an arbitral body to a finding on the facts, to which principles or rules already established and known beforehand would be applied. So far as a man or a nation knows the tests that will be used, he or it can afford to mortgage his conscience in advance; because adequately assured that right—to which principles apply—will not suffer, although interests, which depend upon the facts, may. But, really to be known, the principles must not be merely general in statement, but specific in their application to the range of international relations under consideration. Such application may fail of completeness, but should be attempted. Nothing is final, but none the less finality is a proper aim. An instance of such a compilation is the series of rules to govern the practices of war by land and sea in certain defined matters, drawn up by the first Hague Conference, and by it recommended for adoption to the Governments represented.

Now, such formulation of principles and rules, as far as it may go, is a tangible and practical substitute for war; and where approved and accepted will to its extent avert war. Meanwhile, for the adjustment of unforeseen differences that continually arise, and will arise, we now have the established methods of diplomatic corre-

spondence, and negotiations in their various orders, to which the last resort is war. War is one of the established methods of settlement. The practical aspect of war therefore is that it is a means, possibly crude and partial in operation, but for which as yet no satisfactory alternative has been devised, whereby a nation enforces a claim to what it considers essential interest or national honor. The recent collection of debts from one or more South American States was an act of war; was war, though there was no formal proclamation, little bloodshed, and no treaty of peace. What practical substitute was there for such action? As far as I understand, none, except the view formulated, but not yet accepted generally by creditor nations, that a delinquent State should not be compelled to pay. I believe there was no question that the debts were due. The facts were admitted, but the question of principle was raised whether a government owed to its own citizens to collect such debt; or whether, as in blockade running they must accept the consequences of their risks, in this case of lending on doubtful security. Evidently, if States are to arbitrate, this question of principle should be determined beforehand. As it is, all we have gained from the particular example is an evidence that arbitration, to be generally satisfactory, should proceed on principles formally recognized, and sufficiently developed in application to be a check upon a Court's decisions. No international method can endure unless generally satisfactory. It is a general dissatisfaction which now seeks to disestablish war; but to be successful it must present an alternative that shall be workable, and not merely alluring. I strongly suspect that as yet a tempting prospect is taken for a solid reality.

These cases have presented, in miniature, the sequence of cause and effect

which up to the most serious international dispute issues in war, and which as yet in many cases can have no other outcome than war, or the retreat of one of the parties. Such retreat is usually because not strong enough to act; it results from inadequate material power. It may not be overt; that is, the State which conceives itself or its people injured, may not go so far in its measures as to necessitate retreat. The South American States were under moral obligation to pay their debts; they refused, and they retreated. Under pressure of force they discharged, or made provision for discharging, a moral duty which they had before declined. In the case of some States of the American Union, which at one time refused to meet their indebtedness to British subjects, no threat of force was made, nor measure looking to force undertaken. It was not expedient; for, whatever the outcome, war would have cost too much in every way. The facts in neither case alter the question of moral obligation, nor is this affected by the particular action in either. But the practical bearing and value of war, its practical aspect, is shown in both instances. In the one, war compelled payment; in the other, power to fight enabled the debtor to be obstinate in his refusal, to gain, let us say, time to develop his resources and meet his obligations. In neither was concession made to the moral aspect of the question. Each was simply a practical exhibition of the influence of physical force.

Is such employment of physical force as here illustrated a practical factor in the affairs of the world? and is it a necessary factor? The necessity is part of the practicality; for, if there be an adequate and better alternative, it certainly is not practical to cling to the worse. I think the determining consideration is this. Is the course of hu-

man conduct, individual or national, determined more by moral influences or by physical pressure? by considerations of right and wrong, or by the needs of the body—food, drink, clothing? If we call ambition, or the love of adventure and action, a moral motive, these certainly count for much with those not in bodily need. I presume that in the career of Napoleon there is manifested beyond anything else the consuming necessity for the faculties of an intensely gifted man to find vent in corresponding action; and in degree smaller men, or nations through their rulers, feel and yield to the same impulse. And there are nobler motives, love of country or of race, liberty, religion, all prompting to extend influence or to resist wrong. Hampden's refusal to pay ship-money, that of the American colonists to submit to the stamp and tea duties, rest on the principle of no taxation except through representation. The smallness of the exactions involved places the resistances on the level of vindicating moral principle; but, after all, the principle itself rests upon the need of the individuals of a community to preserve to themselves, under adequate guarantee, the necessities and conveniences of life. In last analysis, and in by far the greater part, is it not so that bodily necessities, or, worse, bodily desires, chiefly move men and nations? What precipitated the outside barbarians, the migration of the peoples, upon the Roman Empire? Bodily impulses; pressure from behind and alluring civilization in front. What for long checked the movement? Resistant bodily organization of physical force, the prevision of Caesar. What to-day is precipitating the outside world upon the American continents—men forsaking their families, families their homes and kindred, the sacred associations of centuries, in search of material betterment? From the east and from the

west, from Europe and from Asia, the flood impends; in that from Europe regulated by force, the force of national tradition organized in power, controlling and absorbing the foreign elements; in the Asiatic instance excluding, also by force; force which is invoked by those who fear the effect of increasing numbers and cheaper labor upon their own material welfare. Is there in any of these movements a moral motive upon which dependence can be placed for restraint, and to which appeal may be addressed? Or is the successful control so far exercised simply that of organized physical force, retarding consequences in order that adjustment may take place, as did Caesar? If so, what more practical? and what is organized physical control but war *in posse*?—nay, rather, it is war *in esse*.

Again, look, which are to-day the most aggressive nations, in the sense of seeking external expansion? I here use the word "aggressive" in no invidious or condemnatory sense, but in that neutral moral signification which inheres in its derivation, of motion towards an end to be attained, or a something needed—a phase of the world-wide struggle between the haves and the have-nots. Are they not Germany, Japan, Russia? And why? Ambition? I scarcely think so, except as perception of national necessities by a government, and desire to provide for them, may be so called. The motive which impels them may be touched and influenced by moral considerations, good or bad; but the prime characteristic is material. Food, drink, clothing, are the simplest expression of the bodily demands; but to these the refinements of civilization have given a development beyond mere exigency to reasonable comfort. Provision for these requires space proportioned to numbers, and it requires also opportunity. The numbers of Germany and Japan

press for larger room, and for a wide extension of commercial opportunity; both which are wanted to feed their millions, to give them meat with their bread. They are have-nots; the former aggressive careers of the maritime States, Great Britain and France, the as yet superabundant territory of the United States, place them in the class of the haves. Russia, less cramped for mere territory, needs sea room. Doubled back again upon herself, as in 1856 and 1878, she now lies convulsed, in labor of the freedom which happier conditions of inter-communication with other States might have brought to her as it has to them. The children are come to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth. Hemmed in so far successfully on the Black Sea and towards the Indian Ocean, she has seen herself baffled again in the third and last remaining solution of a problem involving the material well-being of her population. At a critical moment of national expansion Russia has been foiled, because in face of an inevitable "irrepressible conflict" she had neglected to prepare for war. I do not defend her recent conduct; I merely note her need. As far as my not too profound knowledge of the circumstances goes, it has been impossible to refuse my sympathy to Japan in the precedent events which constituted the occasion for the war. But, as distinct from its occasion, the cause lay deep in the material pressures resting upon either nation. Will you meet such a conflict on the one side or the other, or on both, by an appeal to a moral argument of such doubtful vindication as the wrongfulness of war, with the moral alternative of submission to an extraneous court of unsympathetic strangers? There can be legal decision upon a legal point, where a law exists; but can there be true ethical fairness without sympathetic intuition of national difficulties, and can sympathy

hold an even balance? Why should I trust the crying needs of my children to the decisions of another than myself? Is it, indeed, moral to do so? Is not material force, after all, the one practical arbiter between two opposing material impulses, because as things have been, and are, it alone gives rest? Such opposition of material forces may merely exert the effect of war. It may not bring war; yet again it may. To this Japan and Russia both appealed; the fittest in this respect won out; and so long as she remains fittest the result promises permanency.

In putting forward these truths of material pressure with a bareness perhaps somewhat brutal, I must not be understood to justify, far less to advocate, the predominance of material considerations over moral. I simply look existing facts in the face, which is in strict accord with my proposed point of view—the practical aspect of war, its place in the economy of the world which now is, and the possibility of shortly replacing it with some alternative equally efficacious and less detrimental, the world remaining the same. I believe, with full intensity of personal conviction, that when moral motives come to weigh heavier with mankind than do material desires there will be no war, and coincidentally therewith better provision of reasonable bodily necessities to all men. But the truth still remains as stated by Jesus Christ twenty centuries ago, that between material and moral motives men and nations must commit themselves to a definite choice; one or the other—not both. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. By His own definition Mammon applies as clearly to the simplest bodily necessities, to the mere food and clothing, as to the grossest insolence of luxury. The question is not of the degree of the devotion, but of the service chosen, of the Master. This will be either the moral motives

summed up in the phrase Kingdom of God, or the material. So far as the advocacy of peace rests upon material motives of economy and prosperity, it is the service of Mammon, and the bottom of the platform will drop out when Mammon thinks that war will pay better. The common sense of mankind recognizes the truth of this affirmation. We speak of mixed motives; but we know that, be they two or many, one alone receives true allegiance and will prevail. The others may modify or hamper; to one alone belongs the title "master"; and we have common proverbs and common experience that the service of the moral assures in the end sufficiency of the material.

I believe that the time is coming when conviction of this truth will take place in practice, and that indications of its distant arrival can be seen; but meantime, I now also see in profoundest peace an ignoble struggle, not for enough, but for wanton profusion; motives strictly material asserting themselves unblushingly in mutual conflict for mastery; nay, peace and arbitration advocated on the most purely material grounds. I distrust the spirit of a civilization that would have stopped, if it could, the intervention of the United States between Spain and Cuba. It was a fresh assertion of the superiority of material considerations in a decision essentially moral. That the question was thus regarded I had an interesting demonstration. It happened that I was in Rome at the time war was declared, and dined in company with several of the diplomatic body. "Oh yes," said one of them to me, "it is all very well to talk of sympathy with the Cubans and Spanish mis-government. The truth is the United States wants Cuba." I inferred this to be the general standpoint. Now, I am particularly qualified to speak impartially as to my countrymen's attitude; for I myself thought if we went to war we had better take

Cuba, the military importance of which to our position has been evident ever since we became a nation. I was out of sympathy with the self-denying resolution of Congress, which in advance pledged us to non-acquisition; but I entirely believe that it represented the predominant feeling in America. In other words, the motive of the war, whether mistaken or not, was moral; and to it therefore material argument should not be addressed. It is non-pertinent, an expression which has a less courteous equivalent.

If it be true, as I have expressed my own conviction, that moral motives are gaining in force the world over, we can have hope of the time when they shall prevail; but it is evident that they must prevail over all nations equally, or with some approach to equality, or else discussion between two disputants will not rest on the same plane. In the difference between the United States and Spain, I suppose the argument of the United States, the moral justification to itself of its proposed action, would be that misgovernment of Cuba, and needless Cuban suffering, had continued so long as to show that Spain was not capable of giving good government to her distant dependency. There was no occasion to question her desire to give it, the honesty either of her assertions or measures to that end; but it was quite apparent that it was not in her to give effect to her efforts. Now, presuming Spain to take that view, it is conceivable (to the imagination) that her rulers might say, "Yes, it is true, we have failed continuously. The Cubans have a moral right to good government, and as we have not been able to give it them, it is right that we should step out." But, assuming Spain unequal to such sublime moral conviction and self-abnegation, what was the United States to do, as a practical matter? What she did was perfectly practical; she used the last argument of

nations as international law stands; but, suppose she had gone to arbitration, upon what grounds would the Court proceed? What the solid pre-arranged basis of its decision, should that be that Spain must evacuate Cuba? Is there anything in the present accord of States, styled international law, that would give such power? And, more pertinent still, are States prepared now to concede to an arbitral Court the power to order them out of territory which in its opinion they misgovern, or which in its opinion they should not retain after conquest—*e.g.*, Schleswig Holstein, Alsace and Lorraine, the Transvaal, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands?

Or, take another impending and very momentous instance, one fraught with immeasurable issues. If I rightly appreciate conditions, there is, among the English-speaking communities bordering the Pacific, a deep instinctive popular determination, one of those before which rulers have to bow, to exclude, from employment in the sparsely settled territories occupied by them, the concentrated crowded mass of mankind found in Japan and China. More than anything else this sums up the question of the Pacific. Two seas of humanity, on very different levels as to numbers and economical conditions, stand separated only by this artificial dyke of legislation, barring the one from rushing upon and flooding the other. I do not criticize an attitude with which whether I approve or not, I can sympathize; but as I look at the legislation, and contrast the material conditions, I wonder at the improvidence of Australasia in trusting that laws, though breathing the most popular conviction and purpose, can protect their lands from that which threatens. "Go home," said Franklin to a fellow colonist in the days of unrest in America, "and tell them to get children. That will settle all our difficulties." Fill up your

land with men of your own kind, if you wish to keep it for yourselves. The Pacific States of North America are filling up, and, more important, they back solidly upon, and are politically one with, other great communities into which the human tide is pouring apace; yet in them, too, labor may inflict upon its own aims revolutionary defeat, if for supposed local advantage it embarrasses the immigration of its own kind. It is very different for those who are severed from their like by sea, and therefore must stand on their own bottom. All the naval power of the British Empire cannot suffice ultimately to save a remote community which neither breeds men in plenty nor freely imports them.

We speak of these questions now as racial, and the expression is convenient. It is compact, and represents truly one aspect of such situations, which, however, are essentially economical and territorial. In long-settled countries race and territory tend to identity of meaning, but we need scarce a moment's recollection to know that race does not bind as do border lines, nor even they as do economical facts. Economical facts largely brought about the separation of America from Great Britain; economical facts brought about the American Union and continue to bind it. The closer union of the territories which now constitute the British Empire must be found in economical adjustments; the fact of common race is not sufficient thereto. Now, economical influences are of the most purely material order—the order of personal self-interest; in that form at least they appeal to the great majority, for the instructed political economists form but a small proportion of any community. Race, yes; territory—country—yes; the heart thrills, the eyes fill, self-sacrifice seems natural, the moral motive for the moment prevails; but in the long run the hard pressure of eco-

nomical truth comes down upon these with the tyranny of the despot. There are, indeed, noble leaders not a few, who see in this crushing burden upon their fellow millions an enemy to be confronted and vanquished, not by direct opposition, but by circumvention, relieving his sway by bettering environment, and so giving play to the loftier sentiments. But that these men may so work they need to be, as we say, independent, released from the grip of daily bread; and their very mission, alike in its success and its failures, testifies to the preponderant weight of economical conditions in the social world.

Nor in the social world only. We shall not see aright the political movement of the world at large, the course of history past and present, until we discern underlying all, consciously or blindly, these primitive physical necessities, directing the desires of the peoples, and through them the course of their governments. Rightly do we call them economical—household—for they come home to the many firesides whence their stern exactions have exiled politics and sentiment; and herein, in the weight of struggling numbers, lies the immensity of their strength. Race and country but furnish a means for organizing and fortifying their action, bringing to it the sanction and inspiration of the loftier motives embodied in these consecrated words. But these holy names, while facilitating and intensifying local action, by the same means separate nation from nation, setting up hearthstone against hearthstone. Hence implicit war is perennial; antagonism lurks beneath the most smiling surface and the most honest interchanges of national sympathies. We have but to note the wave of emotion which passed over the United States at the first hint of possible hostilities with Japan, and the suggestion that the Anglo-Japanese al-

liance might bring about collision with the two peoples. As far as appeared from all observable signs, the great majority of Americans had sympathized most cordially with Japan in the recent struggle; and I have thought to note clear indications that the American Press was becoming more and more deeply convinced of the common interests which should bring into unpledged accord the general external policies of Great Britain and the United States. It needed only the reading of the treaty to see that its particular obligation would not arise, unless war led the United States to seek to deprive Japan of territory—a most impossible contingency; but not every one has copies of treaties immediately accessible, nor takes the pains to consult them. National sentiment, like family feeling, is a permanent force, the influence of which, thus startled, deflects national sympathy and policy as a magnet does a compass.

Little more than a generation ago, who so dear to Americans as Russia? then perhaps the only European government which, whatever the spring of its motives, cordially sympathized with that of the United States in the War of Secession; how few her friends in her recent struggle with Japan. It will be said with justice, as well as appositeness, that just such transient indications of the instability of national sympathies, here to-day, there to-morrow, prove the need of arbitration to avert war. Certainly, if no other means can be found. To go to war on questions of mere feeling, or on occasional offence, is far from practical. As a matter of fact, however, such occasions now rarely threaten war. Time to solve them is usually obtained by the ordinary means of diplomacy, and the premature intrusion of a third party is rather an irritation than a help. Not every case of conscience calls for a confessor, nor every dispute for an ar-

bitrator. But where feeling is rooted in permanent conditions, arises from them, and grows with their continuance, or their increase, you have a radically different proposition. Such is the legislation of exclusion considered a few lines back. It rests upon material motives, and acts by the material implements of organized force; and thus acting it is practical (not necessarily right) in aim and in methods. But these methods, whether directed against persons or goods, are essentially war; defensive or offensive, as it may please either race to regard it; and the popular feeling which underlies is implicit war in a most dangerous form, liable at a breath to bring people to the very verge of hostilities, and that with an impetus very likely to carry them over. It is necessary to recognize that measures of external policy which find their origin in such popular sentiment, or political conviction, present to the government concerned internal problems, as really such as those more commonly so called; and, because internal, they from their very nature cannot be committed to external decision, except that of force. Force, the issue of war, carries with it to the populace a practical weight of conviction, with which no other arbiter can vie. The Monroe Doctrine, indeterminate in scope because it has steadily grown, and of which therefore finality cannot be affirmed, is a matter of external policy; but the national conviction, internal compulsion, would not permit a government, in face of an immediate question, to submit it to arbitration. If, in the absence of any present issue, it were proposed to submit the Monroe Doctrine for definition and limitation to some high Court of Arbitration, to determine whether it should have international acceptance, and how far, I am not qualified to say whether the people of the United States would acquiesce in their government entertaining the

proposal; but sure I am that if any European State should attempt now to annex some part of American territory, the suggestion to arbitrate would be rejected overwhelmingly. Further, such prior determination by a High Court would be a precise instance of what I have styled codification—I hope not too loosely.

It is perhaps too anxious a forecast, but one naturally inquires how far this process of international control over quasi-external matters of policy may go; whereunto it may grow? If representations might have been made to Great Britain in 1899 concerning her relations to the Transvaal, taking political and warlike action within a territory of recent acquisition and conditioned sovereignty, shall it go on to suggesting arbitration should there again be Irish insurrection? But, barring such flights of an untempered imagination, how far is arbitration qualified to adjust on solid foundations the political control of regions where strong economical forces are struggling to assert themselves, notably the Pacific? Take the conspicuous instance of the Hawaiian Islands. Their area and resources, to be sure, do not bulk very largely in an estimate of force simply economical; but their geographical situation gives them great military importance, and so contributes to the determination of that political control which artificially regulates commercial movement and economical relations. The islands are a big factor in the question of the Pacific. Now, by the census of 1900, in a population of 154,000, there were 61,000 Japanese and 26,000 Chinese, between whom there may be assumed a solidarity of interest, for which it is conceivable that Japan under some circumstances might feel induced to stand sponsor. Whatever the reasons then may have been, it is understood that some ten years ago she testified uneasiness at the pros-

pect of American annexation, which since then has taken place. The white population is 28,000. On the other hand, the group is much farther from Japan than from the United States, which cannot but see in them a potential military danger if in the hands of a foreign Power. This is quite as reasonable a cause for uneasiness as the fortunes of what, after all, is a very small fraction, and that an expatriated fraction, of the Japanese people. Let us suppose that by a surprise, like that of the Russian fleet by Admiral Togo, the islands should pass into the possession of Japan, and that the world should then throw itself between the opponent nations, crying "Arbitrate!" upon what principles would the Court proceed? To what sort of a bargain would either nation be committing itself? Whatever the good-will and integrity of the Court, it would be a leap in the dark; and, for my part, unless the world can absolutely guarantee that there shall never again be war, I do not see how the United States can run the risk of an adverse decision.

It is in ignoring such considerations as those cited in this paper—the general question of the Pacific, the need of Russia for the sea, the requirements of expansion by Germany and Japan, the case of Cuba, the Monroe Doctrine—that rests much of the fallacy of the unconditional advocates of arbitration. They are not looking upon the world as it now is, but upon an ideal, which the future may fulfil but the present has not reached. At a recent gathering an eminent American has said that war decides only which nation is the stronger. If by this was meant, as probably was, that war is not a moral arbiter, does not settle an ethical question, it is incontestable. We should have long outlived the idea underlying the ordeal of battle, that war is an appeal to the God of Hosts to judge a quarrel. We retain the expression, per-

haps; but it is an archaic poeticism, better abandoned because misleading. War now is, and historically long has been, waged on a basis of asserted right or need; and what it does help to determine is that which is known in physics as the resultant of forces, of which itself is one; the others being the economical and political necessities or desires of the contending parties. The other forces exist, aggressive, persistent; unless controlled by the particular force we call war, *in posse* or *in esse*, they reach a solution which is just as really one of force, and may be as unrighteous, and more so, than any war. For instance, except for war, Southern slavery probably would still exist. This is actually the state of the world at the present moment; and while a better balance-wheel than war may be conceived, it is at present doing its work fairly well. The proper temper in which to approach arbitration is not by picturing an imaginary political society of nations and races, but the actual one now existing in this tough old world.

The globe on which we dwell bears witness to us intermittently that it undergoes recurrent processes of adjustment, between conditions unevenly distributed and forces in opposition to one another. Doubtless, some time before we settle down to the state of the moon, adjustment will give us a period of stagnation and permanence; but so long as the imprisoned forces are struggling for room, and a balance is not reached, either by the subjection of some or equal opportunity for all, we will have to expect and acquiesce in occasional explosions. To a certain limited extent a third party, man, arbitrates at times, establishing a control of intellect which rather guides than represses. The steam which moves his navies and his railroads is that which mutilates Martinique or blows off the top of Vesuvius. It is much the same

with the series of political events which testify to the movement of economical forces. These are more masterful now than two centuries ago, because the popular will which prompts them has emancipated itself from the personal arbiters, the popes, kings, and aristocracies, of the earlier dates. We are, so to say, more directly in contact with the primitive impulses of mankind, and on a grander scale. We can see more deeply what it all means, or may mean; not the whole, nor yet to the bottom, but still more than formerly. The forces are blind, perhaps; none testify to this with greater conviction than some of those who hope most from the thought of controlling them by arbitration; who by excluding war from the resorts of mankind would anticipate an adjustment more permanent than that which these forces, unrepressed, but not unmodified, can reach for themselves.

Is the idea practical? Is it more practical than war has proved? The latter is accompanied by an immense waste of energy and of substance. So is steam; yet just now it is the great motor of the world. Economize, doubtless, to the utmost, by bettering your processes. Reduce the frequency of actual war by such measures as may be practicable; but simultaneously and correlatively make it more efficient, and therefore less wasteful of time and of energy. At present this is being done generally, and is probably more immediately practical to the repression of war than any methods of arbitration can soon be made. Do not lose sight of the fact that all organized force is in degree war, and that upon organized force the world so far has progressed and still progresses. Upon organized force depends the extended shield, under which the movements of peace advance in quietness; and of organized force war is simply the last expression. To law and to beneficence organized

force supplies the instrument, which the body gives to the spirit. Europe has well nigh reached a condition of internal stability, but she has reached it by war and she maintains it by preparation for war. The wants of mankind have been the steam of progress; they have not merely turned the wheels of the engine, they have burst the bonds of opposition and enabled the fitter to enter upon the unimproved heritage of the unfit. Where such bonds still exist, there must be a conflict of forces, and it passes the power of mere intellect with legal theories of justice and injustice, of prescriptive rights, to keep the contest within bounds, unless it can bring to its support physical aid. The one practical thing to hold it in abeyance is that the several forces, including military power, should show what is in them by the adequacy of their development.

If with wealth, numbers and opportunity, a people still cannot so organize their strength as to hold their own, it is not practical to expect that those to whom wealth and opportunity are lacking, but who have organizing faculty and willingness to fight, will not under the pressure of need enter upon an inheritance which need will persuade themselves is ethically their due. What, it may be asked, is likely to be the reasoning of an intelligent Chinese or Japanese workman, realizing the relative opportunities of his crowded country and those of Australia and California, and finding himself excluded by force? What ethical, what moral, value will he find in the contention that his people should not resort to force to claim a share in the better conditions from which force bars him? How did the white races respect the policy of isolation in Japan and China, though it only affected commercial advantages? I do not in the least pronounce upon the ethical propriety of exclusion by those in possession—the right

of property, now largely challenged. I merely draw attention to the apparent balance of ethical argument, with the fact of antagonistic economical conditions; and I say that for such a situation the only practical arbiter is the physical force of which war is merely the occasional political expression.

In the broad outlook, which embraces not merely armed collision, but the condition of preparation and attitude of mind that enable a people to put forth, on demand, the full measure of their physical strength—numerical, financial and military—to repel a threatened injury or maintain a national right, war is the regulator and adjustor of those movements of the peoples, which in their tendencies and outcome constitute history. These are natural forces, which from their origin and power are self-existent and independent in relation to man. His provision against them is war; the artificial organization of other forces, intrinsically less powerful materially, but with the advantage which intelligent combination and direction confer. By this he can measurably control, guide, delay, or otherwise beneficially modify, results which threaten to be disastrous in their extent, tendency, or suddenness. So regarded war is remedial or preventive.

I apprehend that these two adjectives, drawn from the vocabulary of the healer, embody both the practical and moral justification of war. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It will be well that we invoke moral power to help heal the evils of the world, as the physician brings it to bear on the ills of the body; but few are prepared to rely upon it alone. We need material aid as well. The dykes of Holland withstand by direct opposition the natural mission of the North Sea to swallow up the land they protect. The levees of the Mississippi restrain and guide to betterment the course of the

mighty current, which but for them would waste its strength to devastate the shores on either hand. These two artificial devices represent a vast expenditure of time, money and energy; of unproductive labor so-called; but they are cheaper than a flood. The police of our great cities prevent the outburst of crime, the fearful possibilities of which manifest themselves on the happily rare occasions when material prevention has from any cause lapsed. The police bodies are a great

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expense; but they cost less than a few days of anarchy. Let us not deceive ourselves by fancying that the strong material impulses which drive those masses of men whom we style nations, or races, are to be checked or guided, unless to the argument of a reasonable contention there be given the strong support of organized material power. If the organized disappear, the unorganized will but come into surer and more dreadful collision.

A. T. Mahan.

### A GREAT SERIES AND ITS RISE.

The name of Bohn should go down to posterity with an unmixed claim and hardly a competitor. It supplied occasion for our first bad schoolboy pun. The homely-sounding monosyllable tempted us, and we fell. We broke our callow wits upon it, with dry allusions to whatever bones suggest, from dice and niggers to the vale of Tophet. One right youth there was who had a knack of producing one of the tattered volumes whenever we were rounding a tight bit of translation. Sallust or Tacitus or the *Anabasis*, it mattered not what; chronicler and soldier were alike to him. We called him "devilled Bohns," because we never knew how and where he got those "cribs" of his. Now and then, when we got stuck, worse off by far than any of Cyrus's broken legions, we sent up a cry for relief, and down came Bohn, like water on a thirsty land. We licked our lips and cried "Thalatta!" as devoutly as the home-sick comrades of old Xenophon, when they had left the cursed Euphrates and its fens behind, and from the summit of the Thechian hill beheld the friendly waters of the Euxine Sea. And while we plundered we punned, with sublime ingratitude. But who this Bohn was, or why, we

never asked. He was some foreign person, if we had surmised, and would doubtless get his reward for helping us construe. If Providence was so clumsy as to set us down to grinding at stuffy old Greek and Latin, then bright young intellects like ours were warranted in escaping from the ordeal as best we could. We were frank opportunists, like the boon companions in Calverley's ballad:

We did much as we chose to do,  
We'd never heard of Mrs. Grundy;  
All the theology we knew  
Was that we mightn't play on Sunday,

And all the general truths—that cakes  
Were to be bought at four a penny,  
And that excruciating aches  
Resulted, if we ate too many.

We have come across worse phases of contented ignorance since we came to man's estate, and the boy's disregard of his unknown benefactor is less inexcusable than the man's, if you come to think of it. Ask the majority of ordinary men, even of reading men, and you might be hard set to get a passable answer out of them as to the dates, achievements, and personality of the man who gave his name to Bohn's Li-

braries, and went so far as to make them the literary force they are to-day.

There were two men of a past generation in London who came of German descent, and brought the Teuton faculty of thoroughness to bear upon the book trade in general and the making of their own fortunes in particular. For a while they were partners, and each no doubt contributed his quota to the other's intellectual outfit; but the lines they finally adopted were dissimilar, and whereas both became dealers on a considerable scale, they strove in different ways. One was Bernard Quaritch, the prince of professional bidders and book-collectors, who died the other day; the other was Henry George Bohn, the publisher. Quaritch had his turn with the obituary writers when he was gathered to his fathers, and with him for the present we are not concerned. Bohn saw the light in the last decade of the eighteenth century, the son of a Westphalian emigrant and bookbinder who settled in London. The Westphalian married a Scotchwoman, and it was the double strain in young Bohn that in all probability gave him his toughness and independence. After serving dutifully for some years in his father's offices in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, the son made suggestions which his father ignored, so Young Hopeful threw up the connection and entered a business house in the City. The elder Bohn had to go and coax him back, retaining him until he was thirty-five, and packing him off for business tours to the Continent to buy rare books and polish his French and German. But even in his eighteenth year young Bohn had translated a German romance and published it on his own account, so there must have been initiative enough in him to warn the stubborn parent of the breach that was to come.

At thirty-seven the son married a daughter of another bookseller, Wil-

liam Simpkin, of Simpkin, Marshall & Co., and finding his father set against admitting him to a partnership in the book-selling business, he struck off on his own account again. This time he set up as a publisher, with a thousand pounds of his own and another thousand he had borrowed. The offices were in York Street, Covent Garden, and the firm of George Bell & Sons, which has grown out of his early labors, after spending many years on the same site, has carried the old name along with it to Portugal Street and called its new offices York House.

There is a more illustrious memory connected with 4, York Street, Covent Garden, and that is the memory of Thomas De Quincey. It was in a lodging at the rear of the first story there that the Opium-Eater was living in the summer of 1821, when he wrote his "Confessions," that mighty panorama of dreams spun in his fevered brain by the spell of an enchanter as subtle as itself. We have come to learn since then that the overpowering drug was the only cure or sedative for his peculiar malady, and while our literary debt to him has grown, our pity for his sufferings has overtaken it. Covent Garden then was something of the same huddle of tenements and taverns it is to-day, dominated more by its theatres than by its market; but it was beginning to lose its genteel air when Bohn moved there in the 'thirties, and in 1867 he moved away to Henrietta Street, leaving behind him a firm of active successors and a recollection of his many odd traits of character. Two or three years ago the firm of Bell moved out of York Street altogether and left No. 4 to the mercies of the rat and the spider. The glimmering doors and ground-floor fittings are of modern date, but the upper premises are much as they were in the Opium-Eater's time, and there is still a battered dignity about the house in spite of present

ruin and neglect, so there is no reason why the County Council should not recognize its great associations and signify the same in the usual manner. When Bohn first set up his tent there he must soon have made it a busy scene, for he was a formidable rival against his father or any one else. His province during the first ten years was the amassing of rare and valuable old books, the line in which William Blackwood first grew famous; and when Bohn issued a catalogue of his stock in 1841, it was an imposing affair at a guinea, occupying two thousand pages, and enumerating over twenty-three thousand books. This daring venture gave him an unmistakable name among collectors and "the trade," and showed that he had the accurate as well as the acquisitive mind, attributes that do not always hunt in couples, even in the book trade. A hundred and fifty out of the two thousand pages were taken up with details of "remainders" or surplus stock that he had taken over from the publishers, and this is still a lucrative branch of the trade. Now and then with a "remainder" Bohn bought the plates employed in printing the work, and occasionally the copyright "appertaining to the same." This accumulation of copyrights suggested the reprinting of the works in question when these were in anything like steady demand, and it was his reprints that ultimately brought him fame and fortune.

Bohn, however, was not the first in the field, and his "Standard Library" was anticipated by a rival, David Bogue, of Fleet Street, who started a "European" series, and took a liberty which led to trouble. The form of the "European" was a handy small octavo, with a sober, slate-colored, serviceable cloth; and Bohn copied it with a far too imitative flattery. Bogue retorted by including in his "Life of Lorenzo

de' Medici" certain illustrations that Bohn had acquired by remainder, and in the law-suit that followed the latter got an injunction. This proved a heavy handicap against poor Bogue, and his rival's energy soon did the rest. Not long afterwards Bogue was bought out—"swallowed," as the term goes—and Bohn, with the field to himself, began pouring out standard reprints of every kind. You may say that he held the mirror up to literature, for he copied everything that seemed to promise a market, and the few things that were doubtful he still turned to good account. In his "Standard" series he incorporated Bogue's volumes, and a good many more. He started his Scientific Library and the Antiquarian in 1847, the Classical a year later, the Illustrated a year after that, and the others at twelvemonth intervals—the cheaper series, the Ecclesiastical Library, the Philological, and the British Classics. In seven years he had over six hundred volumes to his credit, and there was hardly a standard work available in Europe which he had not secured, or tried to secure. He superintended the work of preparation himself, and he employed the best translators. In all this he found his own gift of languages eminently of service, and where his own knowledge failed he seemed to have a pre-eminent faculty for borrowing the aid and the ideas of other men.

Bohn saw much further ahead, however, than the popular taste would go. He enriched many special and useful fields of knowledge, and made his tastes and versatility apparent in a variety of ways. His successors have continued the same enterprising policy ever since, and the series has grown enormously in number, range, and powers. Dr. Darling introduced into England in the 'seventies a work by one Draper, then an unknown American, and published it at his own expense in two octavo volumes at a

guinea. It took the attention of scientists, Tyndall extolled it in his Belfast address to the British Association, Bell & Daldy took it up, and Draper's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," after several revisions, still furnishes royalties to the author. Necessarily the international dealings involved have meant an infinitude of careful negotiation, often in countries whose notions of literary equity and whose copyright codes are very divergent from our own. The other day Messrs. Bell received a demand from Italy for compensation in respect of pictures illustrating Manzoni's novel, "I Promessi Sposi," published eighty years ago, and after much learned citation from the findings of the Berne Convention, a clear title was established through a succession of purchases reaching back for more than forty years. It is well for a publisher when he has so good a case, for the claims of the enterprising litigant are too often visited, like the wrath of Providence, on the third and the fourth generations.

But Bohn had another side, and when he set up house at North End, Twickenham, it was as a collector of other things than books. He had a Jew's eye for pretty objects, and if you have ever handled the vellum-covered catalogue *raisonné* of his effects which he printed privately in 1884, you will realize that here was a connoisseur of the first water. He had realized his main ambition in business by setting his firm in the front rank of publishers with a line of enterprise strictly its own, but it was no less his ambition to surround his leisure with beautiful nick-nacks, each rare and valuable in its kind. He had a fancy not only for old masters, statuary, china, miniatures, and ivories, but for rare exotic shrubs as well and everything handsome about him, indoors or out. His hospitality was a thing to covet and

enjoy; his annual rose-show was an event. His advent into Christie's sale-room was a challenge to the nabobs of the market, and when he sold off his surplus treasures at Christie's in the 'seventies, they fetched £25,000 and left his collection famous still. He sold off none of his miniatures and pictures, though, and now that his house was cleared of much of its miscellany, he went in for pictures more and more. None but himself was allowed to show their beauties, and he wore into his ninth decade as talkative and sprightly as ever. It is on record that at eighty-seven he footed it feathily out of doors in a quadrille party of his own arranging; and the spectacle of your octogenarian capering with enjoyment on his own lawn is not a sight that gladdens modern eyes more than once in a way. If he was brisk in his limbs, he was still brisker in his mind, and the same application that he turned to large account in business management was revealed in his minor disbursements. With a man like him, it is not the sense of wealth that rules his expenditure, but the habit of thrift to which that wealth is due. When he came up to town by train, and took a cab from Waterloo to Covent Garden, it was his inexorable habit to tender the bare "fare." In the days when sixpenny cab-fares were on trial, he nailed his man down to a sixpence, and never went a "brown" beyond. Jehu might threaten him with all the terrors of Bow Street, but in vain, and when the case came actually to court, he had the distance measured, and saw the cabman further. He seemed to enjoy the noise and notoriety it brought him as much as any one, but it gave him an evil reputation on the cab-ranks, and many a driver turned his nag aside as he saw Bohn coming. Doubtless his sentiments in doing so were those of the blind men's dogs when they saw Scrooge coming, and guided

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their employers up an entry. "No eye is better than the evil eye, dark master," and the same holds good sometimes of the tight fist. But Bohn, no less than Scrooge, throve on his reputation, though, unlike Scrooge, he went unconverted to his grave. Finding that his sons had no mind to follow in his steps, he sold his business in 1864 to Messrs. Bell & Daldy—copyrights, stock, and stereotypes, lock, stock, and barrel. He spent his days in pottering among his many scattered warehouses in and about Covent Garden. His second-hand books when catalogued brought over £13,000, and when all his effects were put together they totalled over a hundred thousand sterling. After Messrs. Bell had entered into possession, he still kept a desk in the shop alongside, and retained his second-hand connection for a few years longer. Other things that occupied him were his connection with a multitude of learned societies, and his titles and degrees of sorts when he stuck them once up on a title-page left very little room for anything else. At home the compilation of his catalogue *raisonné* was the last labor that engaged him, and when in his eighty-ninth year his doctors ordered him to desist, they found their trouble thrown away. He lived to revise a proof, and in a day or two he was dead. This was on August 22, 1884, and when the last of his art collection came under the hammer in the following March, they brought a further twenty thousand pounds. Peace to his ashes; he was an oddity and a survival, but there was no man in his day could beat him at a bargain, and his name is perpetuated in one of the great feats of English publishing.

What is the secret of Bohn's Libraries and their success? One has no fancy for reviewing the verdict of a long succession of reviewers, but if it had to be done, one would say that the secret lay in their thoroughness, their

pioneer character as cheap and standard literature, their high level of selection, and their eminent usefulness. Carlyle called them "the usefulest thing I know," and the philosopher of Chelsea was no mean judge of his money's worth. Emerson, the transcendental, could never be ungrateful to a series which had found him in material for his lectures and essays, and remarked once that Bohn's translations had "done for literature what railroads have done for internal intercourse," a sound judgment with a practical and convincing turn in it. Other good judges have said that "the imprint of Bohn's Standard Library is a guarantee of good editing," and if we could get acknowledgments from every quarter where Bohns have been of service, they would be legion. They say that Cardinal Magliabecchi, the Florentine bookworm, had a knack of glancing at every new book that came out and seeing in a flash all the sources the author had consulted. If that faculty were common, and we could put the piercing X-rays of criticism through every modern book, we should find in many cases that deep under their flesh lay a Bohn or two. You can hardly rummage an old bookshop through without coming across a row or two of volumes in the sober old slate-colored cloth, with their contents annotated and their leaves half yellow with persistent use. If you ask for a standard work in an average bookshop, it is ten to one that, when all limitations of price and recommendations of merit are considered, the dealer will fall back upon a set of crimson-backs which are the old Bohn series revised, reprinted, and rebound. When Bell & Daldy took the series over from the founders, there were six hundred different volumes, and they paid him £35,000 for the whole concern, including half a million volumes in stock. Unfortunately Bohn destroyed his ledgers, so that we have

no figures to indicate the sale of the various Standard Libraries in his day, but they must have been well over half a million volumes, a total which his successors have more than trebled since. And of these same successors one deserves more than ordinary mention.

George Bell was born in the 'twenties, the son of one Matthew Bell, a bookseller of Richmond, Yorkshire, and at the grammar school of his native place swept the board so far as classical studies were concerned. His brother Matthew became a binder, but George elected to follow in his father's steps, and coming to town entered the offices of Whittaker's, the wholesale booksellers in Ave Maria Lane. It was the custom in those days to share—or, as we say nowadays, to syndicate—any publication out of the common, and we know from Boswell and its imprint how Johnson's "Dictionary" had been promoted on the same lines half a century before. Young Bell began in 1838 for himself in a retail way, and remaining on friendly terms with his old employers, started and annotated a series he called "*Bibliotheca Classica*," in which they shared. The series had considerable vogue among schools and private students, and he followed it up with a notable succession of educational text-books. Mr. F. R. Daldy, who had been in the service of Messrs. Rivington, joined him, and brought with him the custom that had obtained at Rivington's and Parker's and other devotional publishers, of suspending business on the principal feasts in the calendar—a salutary practice which, if it were not for the goad of competition, might well be revived to-day to the substantial advantage of the trade and its employees, their bodies and souls. Daldy was an authority on copyright, and in this capacity was a member of the famous deputation sent to Canada on the subject. It was un-

der the style of Bell & Daldy that the firm did their enterprising deal with Bohn in 1864, and transferred their business from Fleet Street to Covent Garden. Eight years later the partnership ceased, and the firm assumed its present title. George Bell had risen in the meantime to be a man of the highest repute, and was the nucleus of a curious arrangement which has hardly a parallel nowadays, though the pressure of commercial cases in the courts is greater than ever. On one occasion he was authorized by the High Court to summon witnesses and sit in judgment about a dispute which arose in his own trade. Bell frequently acted as a referee whenever members of his own trade were at loggerheads about the value of their copyrights. Once, when the affairs of Hardwick & Co., of Piccadilly, were in the scale for winding-up purposes, it was required of Mr. Bell to assess the value of that well-known work, "*Sowerby's Botany*," an undertaking on which the parent firm had spent something like £20,000. Bell went through Hardwick's stock, and valued Sowerby at £7,000, a figure which was swiftly turned against himself, for the principals called upon him to make his verdict good by buying the work himself. It was out of Bell's immediate scope and policy, but being a Daniel in his way, he stuck to his judgment, and said he would consider the deal. He went into the question again, and then new evidence came to light in the shape of suppressed facts, misconceptions about the rent of stores, etc. He re-assessed the value at £3,000, and was made the purchaser, but even at that figure the work proved a loss—another proof that publishing is not the *El Dorado* it is so often and so rashly declared to be.

Bell's interests and hobbies were fewer and more philanthropic than Bohn's. He lived at Hampstead, fulfilling the unpretentious duties of a

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churchwarden, and occupying his leisure with beneficence of one kind and another. One of his cronies was like-minded, and a namesake, but no relation—one George William Bell, an influence in the insurance world who survives, I believe, to-day. The pair helped to promote under the Act of 1837 the Regent's Park Home for Boys—that is to say, boys of a troublesome order who were free from crime or conviction; and to the day of George Bell's death in 1890 the pair debated as to which of them was the true originator of the charity. The publisher left a name behind him for business enterprise tempered with eminently fair dealing, and the Bohn Libraries were his special care. He also left two sons, Edward and Ernest, who carry on their father's traditions still. Under his leadership they multiplied and improved, until the various series to-day number eight hundred volumes, and when the jubilee of the series was celebrated ten years ago it ranked as a gratifying event in the literary world, and was discussed as such in many languages. But while these series have been a staple industry with the firm, it has kept up its old reputation for educational works of all kinds, and certain branches of litera-

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

ture peculiarly its own. The handsome new offices in Portugal Street contain autographs, portraits, and mementos of many famous critics and authors, as for instance Professors Conington and Long, the translators of Virgil and Marcus Aurelius, Miss Strickland and the Abbot Gasquet, both historians, and poets of the eminence of the late Coventry Patmore, Mr. Robert Bridges, and the late immortal C. S. Calverley, already quoted. When the firm sent an exhibit to the St. Louis Exposition it contained work in all these fields, as well as a dazzling array of art volumes; and no one who has ever handled any of its greater illustrated works—say the new edition of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters," or Dr. Williamson's "History of Portrait Miniatures"—can fail to realize how far the art of fine illustration has advanced since the days of Bohn with his woodcuts and steel engravings. Undoubtedly much of our advance in book illustration is due to the initiative and energy of the late George Bell in adapting photography to the many processes in vogue to-day, and his services to the arts of photo-illustration would make a chapter of itself if one but had the space.

*J. P. C.*

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## ARE CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN INDIA A FAILURE?

It is often asserted quite confidently, by people whose opinions are entitled to respect, that mission work in India during the last century has been a failure. And undoubtedly they can appeal to many facts which would seem to prove that they are right. The main efforts of nearly all missionary societies have been directed towards the conversion of the Brahmins, higher castes and educated classes of Hindu society in the larger towns and

cities. When I first went out to Calcutta, twenty-three years ago, it was the general belief that Christianity must, as a matter of course, first establish itself in the great centres of commerce, education and political life, and then from them spread out to the villages; and that it must first win the higher castes and educated men, and from them permeate down to the lower strata of society. That has been the plan of campaign for the last sixty or

seventy years, and, naturally, missions stand or fall in the eyes of the public by its success or failure. But it would certainly be difficult to prove that it has been a conspicuous success. The number of converts from among the higher castes has been extremely small, the power of the caste system remains unbroken, and the antagonism to Christianity is almost as strong as ever. No doubt there has been a general diffusion of Christian ideas and sentiments among the higher castes, and the majority of educated men have imbibed a sincere admiration for the human life and character of Christ; but against anything like the acceptance of the Christian creed the higher ranks of Hindu society present a solid and unbroken front. So far as I can judge, they are no nearer to the Christian Church to-day than they were twenty-five years ago; indeed, in some respects, I think that they are further off. The advance of higher education has perceptibly increased the friction and antagonism between Europeans and Indians, and this has necessarily reacted strongly upon the attitude of educated Indians towards Christianity. To any one, then, who looked exclusively at this part of the mission work, it might well appear that Christian missions in India for the last fifty years have been almost a complete failure. And this is precisely the part of the work that looms large in the eyes of Europeans living in India and visitors from Europe. Their time is passed in the larger towns and cities, or in the military cantonments, where they see something of the local missions, and, if they are of a religious turn, make friends with the missionaries and their wives. Then they go back to England and say that they have lived for some forty years or travelled for some four months in India, have studied the work of Christian missions in many

different places, have talked to the missionaries themselves and to the educated and intelligent natives, and can state positively from what they have seen and heard that missions are a failure. And what they say is largely true, *so far as it goes*. They see the attacks which have been made for the last fifty years upon positions of almost impregnable strength, and they are substantially right in saying that these attacks have failed. It would not, indeed, be true to say that they have done no good and effected nothing. On the contrary, they have done an immense service to the cause of Christianity in India. But, at the same time, they undoubtedly have failed so far as the main purpose of Christian missions is concerned, viz. the winning of converts to faith in Christ and the building up of the Christian Church.

But now let us look to another part of the field and see what has been going on during the last fifty years in remote village districts, where few Europeans ever penetrate, and among classes of the population which European travellers and the vast majority of European residents in India know nothing about. A few statistics taken from the returns of the Government census reports will serve to show that something has been going on there which, judged by its outward results, certainly does not look like failure. In the Telugu country to the north of the Madras Presidency the number of Christians increased from 19,132 in 1871, to 222,150 in 1901. Here we have an increase of over 200,000 in thirty years, or over 6,000 converts a year. In the native States of Travancore and Cochin the Christians form a third of the whole population, and according to the Government census their numbers rose from about 738,000 in 1881 to 896,000 in 1901. Here again we find an increase of nearly

160,000 in twenty years, or about 8,000 a year. In Chhota Nagpur, in Bengal, there were only about 40,000 Christians in 1881, and there were over 144,000 in 1901, an increase of 104,000 in twenty years.

The idea, then, that Christian missions have been a failure has only been possible because both their friends and critics have had their eyes fixed on just that part of the work which has been to a large extent unprogressive. But how great the progress has been in the village districts is shown by the simple fact that during the decade between the Government census of 1891 and the census of 1901, while the population of India as a whole increased at the rate of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., on the other hand the native Christians increased at the rate of over 30 per cent. And if we separate off the Roman Catholics, who form about one-half of the total number in South India and increase very slowly, we find the remarkable fact that the rate of increase of the Protestant native Christians between 1891 and 1901 was over 50 per cent., or thirty-three times as great as the rate of increase of the whole population.

I cannot guarantee the exact accuracy of the census returns, but I know for certain that these figures represent actual movements on a large scale which are going on silently and steadily all over India. The upper castes and the educated classes of Hindu society in towns and cities have made little or no response to the preaching of the Gospel. That is true. But at the other end of the social scale, the lower castes, the out-castes and the aboriginal tribes are being gathered in to the Church in large masses. And the reason is obvious. The great obstacle to the conversion of the upper ranks of society is the impenetrable barrier of caste. The social system inflicts such tremendous

penalties on conversion to Christianity that a convert from the higher castes is truly a miracle. But at the other end of society, caste, with its iron bondage and oppressive tyranny, simply drives men wholesale into the arms of the Christian Church. The movement towards Christianity among these classes, therefore, is not wholly or even mainly a spiritual one. To a very large extent it is social. Social tyranny supplies a strong motive power which leads men to look to the Christian Church as a savior and deliverer. For the last two or three thousand years the pariah of Hindu society has been regarded with the utmost contempt and abhorrence, kept deliberately in a state of hopeless poverty and degradation, and treated like an unclean animal. Suddenly the Christian Church has come to him in his misery, taken him by the hand, shielded him from oppression, striven to educate him and improve his lot, treated him with kindness and Christian love, and taught him that he is a son of God. The pariah is not a theologian, nor is he a person of lofty moral and spiritual ideals; but he is quite capable of judging between Christianity and Hinduism by their fruits, and I do not think that Christ Himself would condemn him for doing so. His motive in becoming a Christian may not be very lofty, but neither, on the other hand, is it a low or unworthy one. In judging of movements of this kind we need to clear our minds of cant, and not condemn in the pariah desires for social advancement which we regard as laudable and honorable among ourselves. Nor must we assume that movements of this kind are ever the result of any one single motive. The causes that lead to them are nearly always of a complex character: there is the desire to escape from social tyranny, the desire for social advancement, the attrac-

tive power of Christian kindness and sympathy, and the vague feeling after God which lies at the root even of the weird rites and revolting ceremonies of the village worship. And it is always difficult to say, in any given movement, which of these motives is most prominent and to which the movement is mainly due.

But even the lowest of them are not bad reasons for preferring Christianity to Hinduism. If Hindu society treats men as dogs, and the Christian Church treats them as human beings, I do not imagine that they are greatly to be blamed, even from the most philosophic point of view, for taking this as a rough-and-ready proof that Christianity is a more desirable religion than Hinduism. The importance of these movements, then, cannot be discounted simply because it is undoubtedly true that these classes of men have nothing to lose and much to gain by becoming Christians. They reveal to us the weak spot of Hindu society and the great work of the Christian Church in India in the immediate future. There are, upon a rough calculation, about twenty million pariahs and aborigines in the whole of India. And the experience of the last century has shown that within the next fifty years it would be quite possible to convert them nearly all to Christianity, and build them up into a strong and progressive Christian community, that would have a decisive influence upon the social and religious life of every village throughout the length and breadth of the land.

It is often said, I know, that the ultimate effect of these mass movements is unsatisfactory; that the people come over to the Church from mixed motives, and soon sink down to a state of spiritual deadness and apathy. But that is not my experience. It is quite true that very often these movements have been mismanaged or ig-

nored, that a weak staff of European missionaries has been left to cope with a large influx of new converts, that no care has been taken to provide a proper number of well-trained native teachers and pastors, and that the education of both adults and children has been neglected. Where this is the case the movement naturally comes prematurely to an end and the moral and spiritual results in the Christian community itself are disappointing, or even disastrous. But when the new converts are properly cared for and the movement is wisely guided the moral results are most striking. As I travel about among the villages where these mass movements are going on, I am astonished at the signs of progress in education, social life, morality and religion which I see among our poor Christians. It is difficult to state the real proofs of progress; but no one who has any experience of a mission of this kind, where the converts are properly taught and trained, can doubt for a moment that the difference between Christians and non-Christians of the same class is simply the difference between light and darkness. The wonderful reverence of a village congregation at a Confirmation or at the Holy Communion is an experience that one does not easily forget, and, when placed in contrast with the bloody rites and wild orgies that make up the ritual of the village deities, it illustrates more vividly than words can describe the difference between the crude and coarse superstitions of Hinduism and the spiritual worship of the Christian Church. And when we say that these people have nothing to lose and everything to gain by becoming Christians, and that their conversion involves no sacrifice, we forget what it means for them to abandon their old superstitions. Often, when all the pariahs of a village become Christians, they are required before they are re-

ceived as catechumens, as a mark of sincerity, to pull down their old heathen shrine and build a Christian prayer-house in its place. It is difficult for us to realize what a moral and spiritual effort this demands on the part of poor, ignorant people, who have been steeped from childhood in the grossest superstition. Very touching it often is to see how each man tries to put the responsibility on some one else. They generally ask the missionary to do it. When he tells them they must do it themselves, they try to get the head-man to begin, and he in turn gives orders to the rest, till at last some man, bolder than the others, takes his courage in both hands and sets about the work of destruction. And then sometimes there is a pathetic touch of humor in the superstitious fear that recurs when the deed is done. In one village all the people except one man agreed to the destruction of the shrine. After holding out for a long time, he at last consented, and then the shrine was pulled down. Next morning his cow gave no milk! It seemed an obvious sign of the wrath of the goddess, and the shrine was hastily rebuilt the next day. It was some time before the people could be brought to shake off their fears and once more pull down the shrine. These may seem to us trifling or even humorous facts; but these victories over superstitious fears, that have dominated the minds of these poor people for thousands of years, form steps towards moral freedom that might well be compared to the release of Israel from Egyptian bondage.

I do not say for a moment that they attain to any high standard of morality or religion in one, two, or three

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

generations. It would be unreasonable to expect it. They are full of faults and vices, often of the grossest character; but I do assert, from what I have seen myself, that when they become Christians they show a capacity for progress which separates them off by a wide gulf from the Hindus among whom they live. My own experience in South India would certainly lead to the conclusion that, taken as a whole, the native Christians are the only community in South India that are steadily advancing in morality and religion, or who can be said to have any definite ideal of moral and religious progress in the future. It is, after all, to these mass movements towards Christianity from below that we must look for the regeneration of Indian society. It may seem a strange and paradoxical idea that the future of India lies in the hands, not of the Brahmin, but of the pariah. Yet I believe that it is true. No social progress in India is remotely possible until the tyranny of caste is crushed and destroyed, and if the history of the past fifty years is any guide to the future, that will be brought about, not by the gradual enlightenment of the Brahmins, but by the uprising of the pariahs and aborigines through the influence of Christianity. It was said of the first preachers of Christianity that they turned the world upside down. The same might be said now of the Christian missionaries in India. They are turning society upside down, and rapidly bringing about a great social revolution. It is their work in the conversion and elevation of the poor and out-castes that is paving the way for the progress and civilization of the future.

*Henry Madras.*

## THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Yes, dear, it is a lovely glade, and King Charles's oak is very interesting; but can't we go for a row?"

"It's so soon after breakfast," was the objection.

"I'll do all the rowing; we'll go to that place where the weeping willows are, where the water is so clear and still,—the mermaids' corner we called it."

"Yes, it is almost as good as a looking-glass, except that you would get giddy if you always had to stoop to see what your hair looked like. And then it would never get dry, and just imagine being a mermaid in winter when it was frozen; it makes me cold to think of it." The speaker gave a little graceful shiver. "I'm going to sit quite still in a sunny place and fish."

"Can't I come with you, dear?"

"But you don't fish, you know, and you'd be dreadfully bored with me; you'd have to sit quite still, too, and not talk at all."

"I think I could do that for ever and always by the river," Doris decided poetically.

"But you wouldn't be by the river," Cicely continued; "you'd have to sit quite a long way from the bank or you'd frighten the fish."

"Oh, I'll do that if I can come," Doris pleaded. "I don't seem to have seen you to talk to for days and days; and we said we would spend all the mornings together while Agatha and your aunt were housekeeping."

At this reproach Cicely had the grace to feel a little ashamed of herself; Doris was her friend, and of late Doris had been cruelly abandoned for—an angling acquaintance. Had Miss

Yonge known the circumstances it would have been easier. There comes a time when most friendships are, by the intrusion of an acquaintance of the opposite sex, interrupted, altered, ended. Doris, with the facts in her possession, would doubtless have acquiesced meekly. As it was, she conceived herself neglected, and did not suspect that she was merely superseded. Hence Doris looked at Cicely with trusting eyes, reproachful indeed but thinking not of guile.

"Doris, dear," said Cicely with sudden solemnity, "do you ever feel a desire to be alone, alone with the sea and the illimitable sky, alone in communion with—?" She stopped with an uneasy feeling that her speech would hardly carry conviction. She was, however, more fortunate than she deserved to be.

"With Nature?" Doris completed the period for her. "Ah yes, I understand." She put her arm round Cicely's waist in sympathy.

"It's all for her good," said that young lady to herself, attempting justification before the inner tribunal; but conscience as counsel for the prosecution tore this argument to pieces. Cicely let the trial proceed while she continued the crime. "It's so nice of you to understand, dear," she went on. "I must"—she vaguely waved a soft little hand in no particular direction; "so you won't mind doing a picture of King Charles's oak this morning; I should so much like to see a sketch of it, and this afternoon"—here her manner suddenly brightened—"we'll escape together for a nice talk, before Uncle Henry lights his cigar."

Doris patted the slightly ashamed

cheek of the devotee to solitary communing with Nature, and departed towards the glade as Cicely directed.

The internal trial was ended, and conscience, who unfairly acted as jury in addition to prosecuting, pronounced a verdict against the younger Miss Neave. Talbot found her exceedingly elusive and very prettily despotic all that morning; she was, of course, undergoing sentence. However, when he told her that he had dropped certain necessary hints, Cicely allowed herself a ticket-of-leave to enjoy their becoming accessories to certain duplicities to come.

Meantime the Admiral, after being landed by Majendie on the further bank, had set off for his walk, ruminating in secret amusement on what he considered a gratuitous piece of information from the enemy Talbot. The form of the intelligence was questionable, but its clarity was unmis-takable. While taking his basket that constant angler had remarked to him: "Just see that Charles doesn't go near Taylor's copse; that female is sure to be sketching his royal namesake's oak again to-day, and he'll be bringing her back to tea, confound him."

At this Majendie and the Admiral exchanged a sympathetic glance while Talbot strode haughtily away. But the heavy frown his gait suggested was entirely absent from his face, as the magnificent Charles, who was just emerging sleepily from the house-boat, observed. Sir Seymour, taking too large a view of his own importance, attributed the pleasant expression of humor on Talbot's countenance to further direful plots against the Gladstone bag.

Therefore the Admiral resolved to carry out the instructions given to him, and he set off with every intention of preventing Charles from making the acquaintance of the fair artist; this

could undoubtedly be best effected by monopolizing her himself. He walked rapidly, and had covered half a mile before it occurred to him that it was rather early yet for the expected appearance. A convenient stile suggested a halt, and a halt a pipe. From where he sat he commanded a view of the lane leading from the mill to Taylor's copse. The heat-haze that mellowed the distant hills had hardly yet melted away though the sun was coming to his own, and all the world was awake and busy. A dairy-maid was searching the grass in a distant field which harbored a brindled cow. The Admiral thought out an appropriate quotation from the Georgics, and mused on the poetry of milking-time. He was, however, at fault in his reckoning; the dairy-maid was searching the field for different reasons. The diet supplied by Agatha had taken the milkmaid's occupation away from her so far as that particular cow was concerned, and she was now looking to see if the meadow contained any herb sufficiently noxious to dry up the animal's milk unexpectedly and out of all due season. The Admiral, however, quoted happily, with much academic satisfaction.

Presently a ploughboy joined the dairy-maid, and the Admiral had recourse to Theocritus. A passing bumble-bee droned clumsily by, and the Georgics were again in request. Then he began to review the classics to find something appropriate to Doris. He dismissed Ovid with haste, and was considering the possibilities of Tibullus when a slight figure carrying an easel appeared in the expected quarter. The classics were momentarily forgotten, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe the Admiral rose briskly. "I should like to thank Talbot, poor Talbot," he remarked irrelevantly. A blackbird departed in haste at this utterance, but the Admiral missed the

reference. He was already on his way to the lane.

"I must claim the privilege again," he said a few minutes later, taking hold of the easel. Doris started, for she had not heard his approach. He only just rescued it from falling. "I'm glad you've managed to retain my name," he resumed in answer to an exclamation of frightened recognition. "But why did you never finish your sketch of the tower?"

"I—I couldn't," she said confusedly.

"I'm afraid you're not very persevering," said the Admiral firmly. "It was going on very well too; you must let me see it if you've got it with you."

"I haven't got it," she declared.

"Did you throw it away altogether?" he asked. "You shouldn't give a thing up so easily."

"Oh, I wouldn't throw it away ever; I mean I never do throw them away," she returned, still in confusion.

The Admiral again said "Poor Talbot!" but not aloud. He was leading her towards the wood, and she had no choice but to follow submissively. Now and again she looked hurriedly about her, whether seeking a way of escape or fearing that Mrs. Lauriston might be at hand was not quite clear even to herself.

"Do you want the easel put here?" he asked, for they had now reached the grass ride and were face to face with the great oak which, in common with most other great oaks, had had the honor of affording shelter to the royal personage.

Doris acquiesced. He set up the easel, procured some water for her from a ditch, and asked how far she had got with the sketch. "But I haven't done any at all," she said.

"Fortune favors the brave," remarked the Admiral.

Doris looked rather doubtful as to whether fortune was strictly impartial

between the brave and the fair, and the Admiral asked if she had not been there the day before. She had not, but the Admiral did not suspect. He laughed at poor Talbot again and explained boldly. "Yes, I'm very fortunate. You see, a friend told me he'd seen a lady painting here yesterday, so I came to see if it wasn't you."

"Oh, you meant—" Doris paused. The meeting, then, was not accidental.

"Yes, I meant to meet you, and now I have I'm going to stay. You shouldn't go about alone in the country; you might meet another lot of boys." The Admiral's tone was full of decision.

"I don't think you ought to have come," Doris enunciated slowly.

"Are you afraid Mrs. Lauriston wouldn't like it?" he asked.

"I know she wouldn't." On this point Doris was assured.

"Mrs. Lauriston is not the only person to be considered," said the Admiral firmly. "*Ætas parentum*—I mean, I often find,—every one in any profession does—that parents and people *in loco parentis* object to things in the most unreasonable manner. We often have to disregard their wishes, or schools simply could not go on. Of course, if you yourself would rather I went away it would be different. If that is what you mean when you say 'Mrs. Lauriston,' I can only apologize and go. Your work interested me, and having been of some small service, I had hoped to be so again." The Admiral was loftily reproachful.

"No, I don't mean that, I don't really," said Doris in some confusion. "Only I'm her guest, and what can I say to her?"

"You are not responsible to Mrs. Lauriston," observed the Admiral.

"I can't do what would displease her, when I'm here, can I?" Doris was firm.

She had appealed to the Admiral's

professional sense of discipline, and he was momentarily at a loss. Truthfulness and sincerity were qualities which he was dutifully bound to approve, and indeed to inculcate. "At any rate since I'm here, you're not going to send me away this morning?" he temporized.

Doris felt that since he *was* there, perhaps he might be allowed to remain. The sketch was begun under his tuition, and Miss Yonge fell back into the part of pupil. He made the best use of his time, endeavoring by incidental questions to ascertain if they had any mutual acquaintance. Presently he said, "I knew a Yonge at Oxford. I wonder if he was any relation of yours." Doris confessed to having had a brother at Trinity. "I thought I recognized the resemblance," said the Admiral gaily. As his Yonge was a Magdalen man this was perhaps odd. It seemed odd to Doris, though for another reason.

"I'm not a bit like him," said she. "He's tall and dark."

"Outsiders see family likenesses best," returned the Admiral hastily. "He was a good oar, your brother."

"He never told me that he rowed," commented Doris doubtfully.

"That was his modesty," put in the Admiral. Apparently Yonge of Trinity was not a man to be relied upon; however, he persevered. "What's he doing now? I haven't heard for a long time."

"He's reading for something," she said, "some dreadful examination."

"I wish I could help him," sighed the sympathetic Admiral. Distinction in the humaner letters naturally makes for distinction in the humaner feelings.

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

"He's my favorite brother," she confessed; "I'm so glad you met him."

The Admiral was a little ashamed of himself. He had not the criminal capacities of his chief, and the tradition of blameless rectitude being strong upon him, he diverted her attention to the landscape. The time passed rapidly; it progressed indeed faster than the sketch, which the Admiral retarded with able criticism. However, the lesson had eventually to end. "I must carry your things a little of the way back," he said. Doris permitted this without demur. "And you should finish the sketch in morning light. I shall hope to see it completed some day; in fact I hope to assist in its completion."

"But you promised," began Doris reproachfully.

"I think a man in my position can be trusted," returned the Admiral, coming to a resolution. "I shall be here to-morrow. I cannot call on Mrs. Lauriston to-day, as unfortunately I did not expect to meet Mr. Yonge's sister in this part of the country and am hardly suitably attired. But I shall not, if you will excuse me, deny myself the pleasure of helping your sketch until Mr. Lauriston, whom I know, satisfies the conventions on my behalf." The Admiral uttered Mr. Lauriston's name with a confidence not quite justified by his knowledge of the owner, which, like Majendie's, was purely vicarious as yet. It had, however, an effect on Doris, and when he added, "After all this is the country. Don't you think it would be rather absurd of you to run away?" she gave a somewhat dubious assent. "I'm sure of it," said the Admiral firmly.

*(To be continued.)*

## KASHGARIA.

There are few places in the world so difficult to get at as Kashgaria. Though it lies in Chinese territory, the journey from Pekin occupies no less than six months. From India caravans take two months, having to cross meanwhile the three highest mountain-ranges in the world by way of several passes measuring 18,000 feet above sea-level. Then from the tail-end of the Russian railway system in Central Asia one may reach Kashgar in three weeks, by several routes, all involving the transit of difficult and storm-swept passes. I came by the Indian road, and left by the Russian, experiencing thereby much travail of body, but no small degree of intellectual enlightenment.

Nomenclature in Central Asia is a difficult matter for the uninitiated. Having been there, I am perhaps able to throw some light on the subject, but only for people who are content with broad definitions and who have less regard for the exact truth than for the feelings of the chronicler. If we comprehend that Central Asia is a vague term for a well-defined region called Turkestan, we shall not be far wide of the mark; and if we know that there are three Turkestans—Chinese, Russian, and Afghan,—then we have arrived at as much understanding of the geography as is necessary for plain folk.

Kashgar is the capital of the western portion of Chinese Turkestan, and when General Kuropatkin wrote a book called "*Kashgaria*" he invented a name which has since received sanction from various authorities on Central Asia. The Tao-tai at Kashgar administers a large region, and it seems reasonable enough that the country which he controls should be so termed,

even although the name has no place in history. But China has had dealings with Turkestan that date far back into the misty times before Christ. The annals of the former Han dynasty (B.C. 206-A.D. 23) make it clear that the Kashgaria of to-day was under Chinese protection in the second century B.C. Chang Ch'ien tells us of an ancient Kashgar that was a convenient and important emporium for goods in transit between the Roman Orient and the Far East. Other Chinese travellers of the fourth and seventh centuries record their experiences in the quaint and old-world manner appropriate to their times, and leave us with the knowledge that Buddhism passed from India into Afghanistan, from thence into Turkestan, and then straight east into China proper. How much of Chinese culture flowed west and influenced Greek and Roman civilization is one of the subjects about which scholars are vague; but they are decided in the opinion that Kashgaria was the connecting link between east and west, and that through it streamed backward and forward currents of thought which have deeply affected the trend of human evolution in Europe and Asia.

Archæological research so far has revealed nothing of pre-Buddhist times, but in later days there is evidence that Manichean doctrines and Nestorian Christianity penetrated far to the east. The tide of Islam flowed over Turkestan in the eighth century, and thereafter until to-day the country has been solid Mohamedan. How the followers of the Prophet fought amongst themselves, and with the Chinese, may be gleaned with comparative exactness from existing literature: it is one long record of fanaticism and blood thirstiness, worthy of medieval times and

Oriental passions. The Chinese generally came out on top, duly massacred their opponents, and then gradually decayed until rebellion drove them out once more. These ups and downs have no great interest for us until the famous Yakoob Beg appeared upon the scene.

He selected a moment when the Chinese were in sore straits, and, putting into practice the experience gained in the wars of the Khanates against Russia, he crushed the Celestial, over-rode all local rulers, and made himself master of the whole of Eastern Turkestan. The Bedaulat—Fortunate One—established himself so securely that Russia and India, about the year 1872, sent missions to negotiate for commercial privileges, thereby deeply offending the deposed Chinese. But after a splendid and meteoric career Yakoob Beg fell on evil days. He played the part of Oriental despot so effectually that his subjects turned upon him, when the long-delayed army of retribution was sent from China. A series of defeats and a crumbling away of his power decided the Bedaulat to put his fate to the touch. He poured out two cups of tea—one poisoned, the other not. Then he went into another room and shortly afterwards ordered his servant to bring him one of the two cups. He drank the tea brought—and died. And ever since China has remained in peaceful and undisputed possession of Eastern Turkestan.

Kashgaria is said to cover an area of 350,000 square miles,—a statement that has little interest until considered in relation to the proportion which is cultivated by man. It is startling to realize that human endeavor has been capable of rendering fertile little more than a hundredth part, and that ninety-nine-hundredths of it is irredeemable desert. Indeed all Turkestan, excepting a few insignificant tracts, is governed by conditions that are totally foreign

to the whole of Europe, America, and to the greater part of Asia and Africa. Central Asia is essentially a region of oases,—a mighty desert of sand dotted with the merest pin-points of verdant green. Throughout Chinese Turkestan there is a rainfall that seldom exceeds two inches in the year. Whence, then, comes the water which alone makes cultivation possible, for there is no dew by night nor any humidity by day? A glance at the map explains the phenomenon. Kashgaria, on south, west, and north, is surrounded by towering mountain-ranges that are eternally capped with snow. In summer the relentless sun beats down upon glacier and snowfield, some of the pent-up water is released, and there flows down to the plains that modicum of the precious fluid which alone enables man to exist. Chinese Turkestan, then, is no more than a thin fringe of vegetation surrounding the limitless and waterless stretches of the Takla-Makan desert. Closely overshadowing the fringe are the mountains, floating, white and dim, high up in the air, ghosts in the moonlight, hardly to be distinguished from clouds in the broad light of day.

It is, indeed, a far and weary cry from the plains of India to those of Turkestan, but after many days there comes reward. We creep down mountain-sides, dive into long, narrow ravines, traverse gorges with precipitous sides, to find, suddenly, that we have at last actually emerged upon open ground. Through the hazy atmosphere looms a dark line, which my cook, Kallick, explains is an *abadi*—an oasis,—the jewel of the desert. Here, after long abstinence from the comforts of life, we are able to revel in fresh fruit, golden honey, and yellow cream, and to eat our meals in a cool garden, under the shade of whispering leaves and to the music of bubbling water. Turkestan is, indeed, a country of contrasts, travelling therein consisting of periods

of long-drawn-out agony and moments of deepest ecstasy.

Imagine six of the clock, and a lovely summer's evening, when the slanting rays of the sun have lost their power and growing things raise their heads, and man, woman, and child are awake and cheerful. Upon such an evening we left the oasis of Zangula, intending to journey to the next one with the euphonious name of Pialma. We were advised to travel by night, because of the heat of the day, and if we must start before midnight, when the moon arose, it were well to have a guide, for fear of losing the way in the desert. I scoffed at the idea of the guide, but was overruled by Kallick, who flatly declined to budge without an escort. And Kallick proved to be wiser than his master. The distance to be traversed was a vague quantity, rendered more vague by the efforts of my followers to translate it into terms that appealed to my apprehension. But the fact is that nobody knew how far it was. In Asia you start in the morning and you finish in the evening, and to desire any measurement more definite is sheer aggravation to Providence. By starting in the evening every living soul in the oasis knew we could not arrive before morning. Only I cherished the fond belief that by ten the march would be over, and that by eleven I should be asleep in a comfortable camp-bed with a good supper inside me.

The broad desert soon replaced the delightful gardens and fields of Zangula. At seven it grew dusk, and at half-past darkness fell upon the land, and I realized that my gallant hired steed had already had enough work to last him for a week.

The descent of night upon the desert is not without charm. The haze which hangs over the horizon slowly closes in like a ring of fog. The pearly light in the sky gradually pales into colorless

gray, and before one realizes it the stars are twinkling in the firmament. Road there is none, for the sand is not amenable. The tracks of other travellers are obliterated by a breath of wind as effectually as the waves of the sea blot out the wake of a ship. And the flat expanse of desert, or the still more dreary gorse-betufted dunes, offer no landmark to guide the footsteps. It grew darker and darker, until the white sand itself was hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding blackness. No guide in the world could steer a course on such a night, and it soon became evident that we were strayed from the true direction. Kallick was greatly exercised, and cursed our guide with a fervor he had better reserved for prayer. The unfortunate man wandered hither and thither in search of some indication of the line usually followed by travellers. Needless to say he found none, and we were reduced to the use of my compass, until the matches gave out. Then the tail of my old friend the Bear served us for a while, and we steered due east until bogged in a maze of dunes. These rose in front and behind like huge mountains, that melted under the horses' feet with magic suddenness as we stumbled across them. One side was a gradual slope of firm ground, the other a steep descent of loose sand in which our tired animals plunged and floundered. Half an hour of these ruthless hillocks and we halted, perceiving that further progress was useless. We must wait for the moon.

We dismounted and sat down in the sand, and I now realized why our guide carried a large melon with a tender care that added greatly to the difficulties of horsemanship. Kallick had also expressed anxiety about the melon, to my wonder, for they are as plentiful as peas wherever one goes in this country. I was thirsty, and a huge slice of the musky, water-logged fruit was

like a draught of new life. Kallick and the guide sucked and wallowed over their share like a regiment of pigs. Then we all lay down on the cool sand, while the horses grouped themselves as near as we would let them. A wriggle or two resulted in a perfect bed of ease that invited sleep—no mosquitoes, no noise, no glare; only the silence of the desert that holds no living creature, darkness illumined by the distant sparkle of stars, and the faintly aromatic breath of a gentle night-wind. I dug my hand into the sand beside me, and marvelled at its fine and silky texture as it escaped, like water, from my closed fist. On the top it was cool and dry, but a few inches down warm and seemingly moist. It smelt sweet and clean, fit to be the couch of a princess. . . . And then it was brilliant moonlight, and the nutmeg-grater that Kallick keeps in his throat proclaimed the need to be up and doing.

We trudged heavily over the dunes for half an hour, and then reached more level ground. Here the guide struck marks which he said had been made by horsemen during the day. We followed these faint indications for some distance, and then encountered a gaunt pole sticking upright in the sand—a sign to the traveller. The track regained, our pilot was able to follow it in the moonlight, and thereafter we had no trouble. For hours and hours we waded across the sea of sand, and at daylight sand still surrounded us in every direction. The sun rose higher and higher, and the heat increased. Little whirlwinds skimmed along before and on either hand, like wild animals startled by the presence of man. The haze on the horizon grew ever upward, and finally closed in above. Gusts of wind caught up curtains of sand and flung them in our faces. The air grew hot and sultry, and we tasted the bitterness of the desert. And just

as the coming storm was about to break, out of the dimness ahead there loomed a huge dark wall—the trees of an oasis! A moment more and we were in a shady avenue, our horses' feet tramping in the water of a runnel, our lungs swelling to the cool and pure air, and our eyes greeted on every hand by the lovely green of growing things.

To me it seemed like Paradise after a long and painful purgatory. The dreariness and loneliness of the desert, the utter absence of life, and the limitless extent of the sandy waste; the fatigue of urging an exhausted animal throughout the night and far into the hot and dusty day,—all had combined to fill the soul with melancholy and hopelessness. One felt like a convict condemned for life to serve in the galleys. Want of sleep and food had dulled the nerves; and it was when longing and expectation had given way to apathy that the sudden apparition of the oasis abruptly awakened the faculties.

A few days' march from the point where the Indian route debouches from the mountains lies the ancient and celebrated town of Khotan—the Yu-Tien of the Annals of 2000 years ago. Yu in Chinese signifies jade, for the production of which Khotan has ever been famous, and with which its name has been connected in the literature of China from olden up to the present time. Students of Central Asian history tell us that Khotan was on the road between China and the river Oxus, the neighborhood of which indicated the natural division between what might be regarded as the western and eastern portions of the then known world. The recent archaeological investigations of Dr. Stein have enlightened scholars in regard to the social and religious conditions of Khotan in ancient times. To-day things are very different, for the jade mines have de-

clined, and Khotan is no longer on the high road to China, but it is a backwater of a community that is itself one of the most remote and inaccessible in the world.

Hitherto the oases we had passed were small and insignificant, and it was with delight that we approached the large and fertile district in which Khotan is the principal town. From absolute desert the track plunges into a narrow lane flanked with tall trees, whose branches meet overhead. Beyond is a low leafy avenue, and on either side fields covered with tall green crops. Willows and poplars in double lines follow the road, and between each double line is a canal of running water. Every now and then these canals cross the road, the smaller ones in a banked-up bed through which a horse walks, the bigger spanned by rustic bridges, whose wooden planks resound dully to the tramp of the hooves. Here and there are clusters of buildings, presenting to the road straight mud walls in which open gateways permit passing glances of picturesque interiors. These are farmhouses, low dwellings built of mud and wooden beams, single-storied and windowless to the road, and quite devoid of architectural ambition. But the courtyards and pillared verandahs that are visible inside every gate make one long to investigate these tree-embowered and nestling abodes.

Many of the fields that skirt the way are on a higher level, so every now and then the ears are greeted by the thunder of a mimic waterfall. A small stream spouts through the hollow trunk of a tree and plunges noisily into a pool. Such places are the joy of village urchins, male and female, who in the clothes in which they were born disport bolsterously from early morn to dewy eve. Where the bridges are there are loungers gossiping to the gentle stimulus of the murmuring water. Mothers with babes in cradles, and big-

ger ones sprawling naked in the clean soft loess, bring their knitting here, and under the shade of the trees coo lullabies, or scarify their neighbors, according to the exigency of the moment.

Every now and then one comes to a bazaar, completely shaded by an awning of matting. Rows of shops on either side have little verandahs supported by wooden pillars, which extend upward through the roof to a height of twelve or fifteen feet. Upon these are cross-beams that support the matting, a tattered protection which here and there lets the light through and spans the roadway with brilliant sunbeams. The bazaar is a dim and dusky place at first, and infinitely satisfying to eyes aching from the heat and dust of the desert. On market-days it is a crowded and busy place, but for six days of the week it is deserted, a cool and silent aisle along which village ancients and little children proceed sedately. The shop-keepers are elsewhere, their goods carried by strings of donkeys, and in due sequence they are visiting neighboring bazaars, changing each quaint and peaceful shady street into a scene of moving color and a babel of contending tongues.

Having arrived at Khotan itself, we inquired for the Indian Aksakal, a local cloth-merchant of Bajauri descent, who represents the British Empire for emoluments that amount to forty rupees per mensem. Passing through several streets, we came to one where a small crowd blocked the way. Here I was astonished to be addressed in English by a man wearing what looked like British uniform. This individual turned out to be Dr. Abdul Aziz, once hospital assistant to the Agency at Kashgar, but now retired from the Indian service and practising medicine on his own account. Among the people who quickly surrounded us was the Aksakal, who greeted me warmly, and said he had been expecting me for

months. I made the acquaintance of many familiarly clad and mannered people, who salaamed in Indian fashion and spoke Hindustani. The Aksakal is the centre of a little colony of emigrants from over the Himalayas, all of whom seemed delighted to see me. While conversing with the doctor I cast my eyes to the side of the street, and there perceived a very stout woman sitting on the edge of the verandah fronting a shop. She it was who had attracted the crowd. She was a sufferer from dropsy, and had paid my new friend a large sum to relieve her of the hogshead or so of water that had collected in her body. The doctor, not liking to make a mess of his dispensary, had taken the good woman into the street and there operated upon her. She was now visibly lessening, to the marvel of the onlookers and the enhancement of the doctor's reputation.

The Aksakal now led us to the quarters that had been so long prepared. We passed out of the city and along some delightful wooded lanes, until we came to a high and uninteresting mud wall over which showed a forest of trees. Entering a gate, we passed through a courtyard of extreme ugliness, and then into another with verandahed buildings. Approaching by a low doorway, we found ourselves first in a room with raised dais, evidently a waiting-place for servants. Through another door there was a large dim chamber latticed with wood, carved with the delicate tracery of Saracenic art. Thence through a passage we entered the garden beyond. Down a flagged walk, deeply scored with shadow, there peeped through the trees the roof of a small building, the summer-house where I was to live. Inside this dainty pavilion the floor and dais on either side were covered with the famous richly-colored carpets of Khotan. Eight windows of lattice work let in a pleasant light from the shady gar-

den outside, and the scent of flowers and the twittering of birds that drifted through kindled the desire to dwell here to the end of one's days.

The minions of the Aksakal now brought in the bundles they carried, and covered the table with plates, which they heaped up with sweetmeats of various kinds. A huge tray of fruit, comprising a melon, peaches, grapes, pears, nectarines, and four different kinds of plums, immediately attracted my attention, and for half an hour I behaved like a famished wolf. The Mussalmans and Hindoos from India arrived in great numbers to pay their respects to the Sahib from their own country, and I had to do the honors with tea and slices of the melon. The Mohamedans were graciously pleased to eat and drink in my company, but the Hindoos would not risk their eternal welfare to please me. But they were all charmingly deferential, and made me feel quite like a rajah in his own durbar hall. They based their homage on the fact that they were subjects of the Sirkar, and gave me the impression that they were glad to see me out of pure patriotism.

In the afternoon we went for a ride round the town. The Doctor lent me his horse, the tallest in Khotan, a handsome chestnut mare from Badakshan, with arching neck, sweeping tail, and undecided forelegs. She was wont to carry the attenuated little Doctor without knowing it, but a heavy-handed, twelve-stone rider was not at all to her liking. The highly-fed brutes, caparisoned in silver and rainbow, ridden by my numerous escort, were also on their hind legs, so our progress through the city indicated its inspection by persons of high rank. As we passed through the streets everybody sitting down stood up, and everybody walking pressed to the side to let us pass, whilst low and respectful *salaams* proceeded from many bowing

figures. The narrow bazaars were full of people on foot and on horseback, and in the shops a countless variety of merchandise was displayed in the open verandahs. Bakers' shops and cook-houses seemed to predominate, the latter savory to the nostrils and appetizing to the eye. Saddlers were greatly in evidence, while fruit-sellers occupied every possible niche and corner. Not a little of the charm of this quaint city is due to the coverings which shade every busy street. The pleasant half-light conceals nothing of interest, and perhaps hides much that would lose picturesqueness in the glare of broad day.

Bazaars all over the East are much alike in general aspect, and if one is to find variation it must be in the people. Turkestan in this respect is distinctly different from anything in India, probably because the people are solid Mohamedan instead of being divided into many religions and castes. India gives an impression of gravity and inscrutability, and of poverty, which is entirely lacking here. There are no naked coolies in the streets, the color of the people is much lighter, everybody appears to be well-clad and well-fed, while the emotions are freely indicated on the faces around one. The numbers of women in the streets and in the shops add no little to the color and life, and prompt the observation that here is an eminently human and natural scene.

Hardly had I settled myself down in Nar Bagh than there arrived an important messenger bearing the visiting-card of the Amban, or Governor of Khotan. His Excellency begged to know when it would be convenient for me to receive his visit. I replied that I considered it my duty first to pay my respects to the Amban, and that I would do myself the honor to call upon him the following day.

The Aksakal and my servants evi-

dently regarded the forthcoming civilities with great satisfaction. Kallick said I must put on my best clothes; while Raheem, who was to interpret, rigged himself out in a style that put my own humble shooting-gear sadly in the shade. At twelve o'clock there was a big muster in the courtyard, and the Aksakal sent a man galloping to warn the Yamen that the visitor was coming. Our procession was headed by a Yuz-bashi, dedicated by the Chinese to my service while I stayed in Khotan. I followed this personage at a distance of six lengths, riding the doctor's mare, who, from her behavior, must have had a whin-bush mixed with her tail. Half-a-length in rear the Aksakal attended me, riding a magnificent black mule that was almost hidden beneath silver plate and silken saddlecloths. Then came Raheem and a long tail of riders clad in highly-colored robes. Evidently it was business to proceed slowly, and to impress the populace with the high spirit of our horses and the brilliancy of our equipment.

The doctor's mare did most of the short distance sideways, and frightened a great number of people, including her rider. The circus behind me squealed and kicked and reared to the entire satisfaction of the Aksakal, who said it was necessary for a Sahib to make a commotion when he rode abroad. Arrived at the Yamen, we all advanced to a big door, the opening of which was the signal to dismount. Passing through the gateway, I found myself in a large courtyard lined with spear-men standing at attention. Several doors, one behind the other, now opened, and there appeared a vista of flagged courtyards, down which hurried with outstretched hands a beautifully dressed and beaming Chinaman.

He led me by the hand through the courtyards until we arrived at the holy of holies,—a small room upholstered in red, and hung with texts from

the Analects. Here a small table was covered with sweets, fruits, cigarettes, &c. The tea ceremony came first. The Amban took a beautiful gold-enamelled cup from an attendant, held it in both hands, bowed over it like a *prima donna* with a bouquet, and then set it before me. Then he dropped six large lumps of sugar into it, stirred it, and beseeched me to drink. But, having been there before, I knew what to do, and I bowed over and sugared his own cup with a vigor that must have made him thirsty for a week. We now proceeded to conversation.

He had a Turki interpreter, and so had I. He spoke Chinese to his, and I spoke Hindustani to mine, so it is conceivable that by the time my British sentiments were reduced to Chinese their character may have altered somewhat. All my people had crowded into the room after me, and whatever space was left vacant his attendants filled. But only he and I occupied chairs.

After the usual inquiries and answers regarding my journey, we proceeded to more general topics. He asked me why I had come to Turkestan, and I asked him his age. He inquired if I was married, and I inquired what his salary was. He said Khotan was a filthy place, and I said it was more like heaven than an earthly city. He said that the Chinese were dirt under the feet of Europeans, and I said it was only swine that trod upon pearls.

After that I took my leave, and he said he would return my visit the following day. He escorted me to the gate, the while a band played, to the uneasiness of the waiting horses, who were as impatient of discord as their masters. We shook hands with great impressiveness, and I then turned to mount. Just as I had one foot in the stirrup and a leg in the air, a cannon was fired. By grace I was able to remain in the saddle, but a second thun-

derous discharge, and then a third, drove the horses mad with excitement, and I felt that if the salute was going to be seventeen or nineteen guns I would be quite undone. Fortunately I was not ranked higher than three, and we filed out of the gate of the Yamen with an *éclat* highly gratifying to the Aksakal, but not at all to the peace of my nerves.

As already mentioned, it was evidently the thing to ride to visits at a decorous pace, but the after-etiquette is quite different. No sooner was I clear of the Yamen than the Yuz-bashi clapt his heels to his horse and went off like a rocket. My old mare darted after him, and in a second the whole of our cavalcade was in full gallop round a corner, down a side street, and into the bazaar. The bazaar was crammed with people, but the Tuz-bashi tore through them, roaring "Khush! Khush!" and laying about him with his whip in a fashion I would have deemed entirely cheerful had I been certain that the mare would not suddenly crumple up beneath me. The only thing I definitely remember about that ride was the spryness with which grave white-bearded Mullahs and Hadjis took the wall as we swept by like a tornado. One old jack-in-the-box sprang right from under my horse's feet, and as we shaved past him my foot and stirrup, with a loud crack, split the end three feet of his floating robe.

Having exhausted the sights of Khotan, we prepared to bid adieu to Nar Bagh. I paid good-bye visits to various officials in the Yamen, and had much ado to prevent a farewell demonstration. My intention was to set forth in shirt-sleeves and a very ancient nether garment, and lacking certain accessories without which one could hardly appear in official company. Starting off in such unencumbered fashion, I hoped to ride through the afternoon, evening, and night, and so

cover about eighty miles by morning. The Aksakal and his following were not to be got rid of so easily; but as the shirt-sleeves would do for them, I did not mind. We set forth at two in the afternoon, and rode through the bazaar and out at the western gate.

It was a long and wearisome journey to Yarkand, prolific of vicissitude and mild adventure; but on the fifth day we rode into the city whose very name is redolent of the romantic pages of "The Thousand and One Nights." It was bazaar day, and every one of the 60,000 inhabitants were in the streets mingling with the thousands who had come in from outlying districts to trade or make holiday. The dim aisles of the bazaars were packed tight with people, and progress on horseback was almost impossible. It was curious to find how quiet it all was, despite the bargaining that went on and the beggars that proclaimed their need. The contrast between the gravity of long-bearded, long-robed, and sanctimonious Hadjis and Mullahs and the gaily clad women, veiled and unveiled, was entirely pleasing to one's æsthetic soul. A decent Mussalman of mature years is the very epitome of respectability, worthy of being matched in this respect against any cottar of bonny Scotland.

Down the crowded bazaar comes some petty Chinese official, representative of the dominant race,—a figure as important here as is the white man in India. He is preceded by horsemen, who clear the road, shouting "Khush!" to the well-clad and giving stick to the

ragged. The mask-like face of the opium-smoking Celestial, his fine clothing and his powerful horse, are entirely foreign to the scene: he represents another part of the world, where there is more character and intelligence than in Turkestan. The Kalendar is a feature of the bazaar. He clears a corner for himself, and then declaims in a loud voice his allegiance to the Almighty: more oft he declares himself in league with Providence, and the people who ignore him are characterized as setting themselves against the Divine will. He makes a fair living—partly because of his pertinacity, and partly because people give him a trifle on the off-chance that it may stand to their credit in the hereafter. Beggars have their own corners, from which they bawl appeals in the name of Khoda. They mostly suffer from deformity or disease, and are generally people one would not care to meet in a lonely place or after a St. Andrew's dinner.

The bazaar differs little from that of Khotan. The shops are bigger, and there is more cheap Russian trash in the way of colored boxes, looking-glasses, beads, and suchlike. But the *tout ensemble* is exactly the same, from the fruit-sellers to the matting that gives grateful shade. I visited silk-reeling establishments and carpet factories, drank tea in company with country farmers, and took my fill of the sounds and colors that make Yarkand one of the fascinating places of the fascinating East.

David Fraser.

## CROSS CURRENTS IN PHILANTHROPY.\*

We are apt to be puzzled by the war of contending factions in the cause of industrial betterment. Why should they fight at all? They have the same aim; progress and reform are the watchwords of each, and their efforts appear to be disinterested. Yet they are at war, and the fighting is not less fierce because the causes of it are obscure. Could anything seem more reasonable than a policy which aims at securing industrial peace by profit-sharing and co-operation, industrial welfare by thrift and small investments, industrial efficiency by skilled training and apprenticeship? It is something of a shock to the onlooker to find that, in the eyes of the leaders from a different camp, profit-sharing is but an insidious dodge of the capitalist, thrift and saving a senseless if not actively dangerous habit, and apprenticeship a misunderstood relic of a dead system. We think we can safely applaud the model factory and the garden city,—until we are startled by the proclamation from the other side that the one is a degrading sop, and the other a gilded gage for deluded laborers. What does it all mean? In the familiar field of national politics we are accustomed to the party warfare, and may be content to explain it by a reference to inherited prejudices

and instincts based upon unconscious self-interest. In the newer politics of industry a similar explanation may perhaps serve. The aim of the rival factions is only nominally the same; actually both end and means are determined for each by subtle undercurrents of thought and feeling, due sometimes to position and possessions, or the want of them, sometimes to hidden prejudices inherited from feudal days, or quite opposite prejudices due to an experience which dissociates the present from the past and links it to an ideal future.

In the field of philanthropy, however, and of general social reform, where the same oppositions are painfully evident, a different explanation is needed. The advocates of rival policies are here disinterested, not apparently but really. All alike aim at the betterment of lives less fortunate than their own, and, more often than not, they are united by identity of class and a similar experience of life. Yet they too split into hostile camps. Do but mention the free provision of food for unfed children, of pensions for the old, of work for the workless, of shelter for the homeless, and you will be applauded with enthusiasm or crushed with chilling disapproval according to the camp in which you happen to be. Clearly in these cases we must go behind the causes of class prejudice or self-interest. These do not explain why Sir John Gorst and Dr. Macnamara are on one side, and Sir Arthur Clay and Mr. C. S. Loch on the other, nor why Mrs. Higgs faces one way, and Miss Loane and Mrs. Bosanquet the exactly opposite way. It is not a question of Socialism *versus* Individualism; still less of Want *versus* Wealth. What then?

## \* LIST OF BOOKS REVIEWED

- "Glimpses into the Abyss." By Mary Higgs. P. S. King and Son. 3s. 6d. net.  
 "The Children of the Nation." By Sir John Gorst. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.  
 "The Next Street but One." By M. Loane. Arnold. 6s.  
 "Report on the Physical Condition of Fourteen Hundred School Children." By the Edinburgh Charity Organisation Society. P. S. King and Son. 5s. net.  
 "Women's Work and Wages." By E. Cadbury, Cecile Matheson and George Shann. Fisher, Unwin. 6s.

At bottom, the cause seems to lie in the difference of view-point, due to a difference of analysis of the problems and a concentration upon different aspects of the lives which all alike are anxious to raise. The opposing factions do not see the same problems; the remedies they offer are aimed at different evils. Their proposals conflict with one another, we say: it would be truer to say that they do not meet at all, for they are worked out upon different planes of thought, with premises drawn from different elements in the lives considered. And then the question arises whether they may not after all be complementary rather than contradictory, and whether a fusion of the premises may not lead to a reconciliation of the conclusions.

This difference of view-point, leading to very divergent estimates of social problems and remedies, is well illustrated by some of the books which have recently attracted attention. These may be divided roughly into two classes, according to the method of inquiry adopted, in turn depending upon the attitude and line of approach on the part of the inquirers. In the one class, the inquirer stands outside his subject matter, his eyes fixed upon the conditions, the structure, the circumstances, and the material setting of the evil examined, not upon the lives themselves in which the evil is manifested. In the other class, the view is essentially internal and intimate. Penetrating beneath the structure, the inquirer attempts to present the evil in terms of life and character; to depict it, not as a mass of suffering but as a medley of light and shade, of good and ill; the sufferings of the people being sometimes self-caused rather than superimposed, the want always relative to *their* needs and capacities, not to ours, and the whole to be judged from within as well as from without. The remedies demanded are then seen

to be not simple but very complex,—innumerable indeed, and all depending upon growth of character and function, not upon change of circumstance and structure.

We are far from assuming that the one view is right, the other wrong; still less that the two are incompatible. The work of Mr. Charles Booth has shown that both can be combined, to some extent at least. But it is certainly true that in all social inquiries, even as in his, one characteristic or the other tends to predominate, and determines the result. And, as a consequence, the literature of practical sociology is marked increasingly by a one-sidedness amounting to more or less bitter partisanship.

As an example of the external view-point we may take first Mrs. Higgs' *Glimpses into the Abyss*. The title suggests the impressionist of the style of Mr. Jack London; and though the comparison is not a fair one, since Mrs. Higgs has given much more than six weeks to the study of the vagrant, it is fair to say that where Mr. London erred there too she errs, as all do err who make a short and sudden plunge into a preconceived inferno. Their estimate can never be a true one, any more than Dr. Johnson's estimate of the Highlands was a true one. Alien eyes are as incapable of seeing the truth as Fleet Street spectacles. So, when we read the book to discover what are the sufferings of the tramp, we learn instead what were the sufferings of Mrs. Higgs herself when subjected to the conditions of a tramp's life. That is of value, doubtless; it is an index to the evil nature of the conditions and the treatment. But that is not enough; we must know more of the nature of the tramp before we can condemn the treatment of him as utterly inhuman or senselessly repressive. What *is* he or she? How comes he to be an outcast? What degree of

repression is made necessary, what amount of encouragement is made possible, by the evil and the good in him or in her? Mrs. Higgs does not really tell us. The remedies she suggests may be excellent; her plea for a change in our three-century-old treatment of the vagrant is in accordance with the recommendations of the Vagrancy Committee. But, setting aside the male tramps, we have a right to ask for more information about the female vagrant whom Mrs. Higgs has made her special concern. A few statistics, a few descriptions of filthy lodging-houses, may take us half-way to a decision as to remedies. But what is the nature of the homeless woman, and how comes she to be on the road? We are given a theoretical account of the manufacture of derelict womanhood. We are told that women "on the road" are almost forced to become women "on the street." We read of one or two instances of girls left stranded and temporarily homeless. We also read much about the disintegration of the home. With all the emphasis of italics it is urged that "the home must be made the centre of all our thought, the focus of national consciousness." We are told to attack the causes of the nomad life, and so on. But the outstanding feature of the book—its plea for a shelter and a common lodging-house for women in every town in the kingdom—hangs in the air, out of connection with the evidence, apparently at variance with the writer's own sentiments, and supported only by the discovery that the existing conditions of the vagrant's life are execrably bad. Mrs. Higgs rather strengthens than upsets the conviction that the shelter life and the common lodging-house life are anti-social, and that the true line of reform lies, not in the indefinite multiplication of municipal shelters and lodging-houses, but in the expansion of her own principle

that "it belongs to womanhood to befriend womanhood." A woman friend in every town, by all means—with all which that implies; but not a permanent abode for the nomads. Mrs. Higgs succeeds in enlisting our sympathy, but fails to convince us by her arguments, just because her analysis is not carried deep enough. The conditions of the tramp-life are only one side of it, and that the external side.

A very different book may be taken as an illustration of a similar failure. Sir John Gorst's *Children of the Nation* is an eloquent plea for the State care of the children of the poor. It is full of trenchant criticism of existing conditions, of which the very existence is taken as evidence of our national neglect. The criticisms are doubtless valid, and the conclusions follow from the premises. But both premises and conclusions are conditional, in the sense that they apply only so long as we consider the external conditions by themselves. Of course a system of State feeding and medical care, (with strict punishment of neglect,) is better, *as a system*, than the *status quo*, whereby every young life is left to the mercy of haphazard combinations of neglect and care. But that is not enough: the system has value only as it fits the whole social life to which it is relative; and the best systematization of conditions may fall horribly if it is in disharmony with the life-motives upon which it is imposed. Like Mrs. Higgs, Sir John Gorst may be right. But the statistics of physical defects, used to build up a dark picture of social waste, do not, by themselves, prove his point.

We may turn now to illustrations of the opposite point of view, which we have described as internal and intimate. Nothing could be more marked than the contrast between the two books already referred to and Miss M. Loane's *The Next Street but One*, or the

*Report on the children of a single school in Edinburgh* compiled by the Charity Organization Society of that city. In both of these, widely as they differ from one another, there appears the characteristic of close observation of individual lives; and the picture presented is therefore an extraordinarily complex one. Miss Loane's book is a series of pictures of the actual and many-sided lives of poor people, drawn with an appreciation and knowledge only possessed by one who has really entered into those lives, and lived close to them for years. She finds nothing "abysmal"; to hint such a thing would be to insult the poor. There is much to pity; still more to admire; much to condemn, too, though not nearly as much as in the stupid and insolent "charity" of many of the rich. The lives in mean streets are seen to be as other lives are—only harder, and therefore often braver; never necessarily hopeless; usually full of the germs of good, the development of which may be checked for a while, but not inevitably stifled, by the conditions of the life. Remedies? There is only one remedy for imperfect life—to grow better; but that means a many-sided growth in which every element of character, and *therefore* of circumstance, is involved.

Now, of such a book only one criticism is possible. It is too optimistic, and just a little blind to the big issues. In watching the life, the observer has lost sight of the "oppression of circumstance," even as the observer of the external class loses sight of the buoyancy of life. From one extreme—too much attention to structure—we have passed to the other—too much neglect of the influence of structure. Undue concentration of view upon the outside is met by equally undue concentration upon the inside. Miss Loane certainly sees the life of the poor from within and at close quarters. She

sees the vast potentiality of independence and interdependence, compared with which the power of improved mechanism is mere impotence. She sees the absurdity of the "benevolist," and despises his institutions, which, after all, are intended to fit people to live outside them, not inside. But in the very closeness of her view of the life, she almost fails to realize the power of its external setting. Too low a wage spells immorality, she says; an intermittent wage spells thriftlessness, we may add. But what then of the conditions of industry which so largely determine the lowness and irregularity of the wage? What of the anæmia traceable to intermittent service, and the consumption due to home-work? After all, the life is sometimes at the mercy of a system not always visible to the close observer.

Optimism, however, is not always a result of the close scrutiny. The *Report on the Edinburgh School children* is the reverse of optimistic. It is a cold and matter-of-fact presentment of the physical, mental, and moral condition of 1400 children from a poor school, based on a systematic investigation worthy of the reputation for thoroughness which the Charity Organization Society has earned. Every family—781 in all—was visited carefully; case-papers were compiled for each, with not less than fifty questions asked and answered, and verified by reference to employers, police, clergy and others. And the picture is even gloomier than any sketch of an abyss, and very much more telling. But there is this big difference: we are taken behind the scenes and shown the omnipresent character-causes of the evils. External conditions are not neglected; bad housing and poor wages are allowed due influence. Yet they are made to seem insignificant by the side of internal conditions—drink, care-

lessness, laziness and neglect. The picture is thus the complement to that of Sir John Gorst, and points to a different conclusion. What that conclusion is we are not told, but are left to judge for ourselves. Stunted growth, deformities, disease, hunger and dirt, are all admitted and scheduled—a terrible list. But behind them—what? Take one fact alone: of the 781 families examined only 293 can be called sober; 425 are found definitely to be drunken, and the remaining 63 suspected of drink. What are we to say now of Sir John Gorst's remedies? Is this evil to be met by free meals from the State, or any other device of paternal government? The question almost answers itself. The deeper defects call for subtler cures than any legislative contrivances intended to stop up the obvious holes of want and hunger. Shall we then contentedly leave the matter in the hands of churches and charities? The Report gives us the answer in the form of one of the most striking commentaries on the futility of voluntary effort which we have ever read. There is no lack of relief; from church or chapel or charitable funds help is given to 449 families, of whom 135 are sober! Here are some random samples from a long and monotonous list: "Lots of charitable aid; both parents drunken." "Food and clothes from school and churches; parents drunken and lazy." "Church, school, and ladies' help; father a drunkard and malingering." "School food for children; two churches look after them; both parents drunken; mother keeps brothels." "C. O.S." and church give help; both parents drink, children neglected, father in gaol." We are not told whether these are to be taken as statements of cause and effect, or examples of palliatives which do not touch the real evils. In either case the inference is obvious: voluntary philanthropic effort

is as impotent as State-aid is mistaken. And so the non-possumus attitude of the C.O.S. becomes intelligible. What on earth *can* be done till drunkenness and fecklessness are changed to sobriety and common prudence?

It would be easy to multiply instances illustrative of the way in which differences in the line of approach lead to differences in the result of the inquiry. But it would be unfair to imply that the opposing attitudes are never combined. They are sometimes harmonized, especially in books in which two or more people collaborate; and one example of such combination may be mentioned.

In the excellent account of Women's Work and Wages in Birmingham, the authors have given a very fairly complete picture of the conditions of work and wage in women's industry, together with a really admirable analysis of the life motives which affect these conditions—the weaknesses and shortcomings, the limitation of outlook, the lack of ambition, the carelessness and instability, to which—in part only—women owe their underpayment. And, as the picture is a fair one, so too the remedies proposed are fairly balanced. If there is a little bias in favor of mechanical devices such as wages-boards and the institution of a national minimum, it is slight; there is no neglect of the internal improvements which must accompany and vitalize the external remedies.

Now these examples of recent estimates of social problems, and of recommendations for the treatment of them, point to a conclusion which goes some way towards a reconciliation of the rival parties in the cause of social betterment. We are exposed always to two dangers: that of falling to see the trees for the wood, and that of losing sight of the wood for the trees. We fall into one or the other according

to the point of view with which we start, and the method of approach we adopt. And once started on this line or on that, we travel on towards something perilously near bigotry. The dangers are sometimes avoided, though not often; seldom by any single inquirer, especially when general poverty and its attendant evils form the subject of inquiry. And the tendency to over-emphasize one view and neglect the other is increased the further we travel along the road chosen, till at last we end in the definitely hostile camps of Character *versus* Circumstance or Individualism *versus* Socialism. Should the inquirer take the external view, then the more he gazes the more is he impressed by the great patches of black darkness, by the groups, masses, or percentages of lives dragged on in an impossible setting, submerged by the sheer physical disabilities of a too poor existence. No remedies except big ones seem worth considering; no others can appreciably affect the problem. How far he will go—at what point he will stop along the line that stretches from legal and institutional reform to upheaval and revolution of the social structure—this is a question dependent upon his own idiosyncrasy. If he sees an abyss from the view-point of a different world of comfort, cleanliness, and ease, then his sentiment, untempered by reason, is likely to clamor for revolution; if he succeeds in examining the structure of the evils more dispassionately, he will be content with reform. But a definite change in the conditions of life he will demand in any case. But now suppose the inquirer starts, through the influence of example or accident or some inherited bias, along the other line of approach, which leads below the structure to the complex life within. For him too the terms of the problem and the remedy become more and more surely defined. Daily

and hourly accumulations of impressions gathered from constant observation of subtle causes leading to momentous results, in which circumstance seems to play an insignificant part, lead him on to a fixed belief that it is character, and character always, which calls for change. *His* experience is of strong will and courage making a good life out of poverty, of weak will and flabbiness drifting to failure in spite of quite reasonable opportunities. Evils there are everywhere, of course, and of every kind; vice, drink, thriftlessness, stupidity—these are the real evils. And what legislative besom can sweep these away? What use in free meals or a minimum wage, or even a decent cottage to the 54 per cent. who drink, shirk work, and spoil their lives just as much as circumstances let them? You may get rid of nits in the hair by your system of washing and inspection, of adenoids by medical attention, or of hunger by meals. But neglect and the drunkard's home? Or the brothel-keeping mother? And so the opposite camp is formed, and the fight of warring social principles grows more bitter.

There is a story of a working woman, of poor and very low class, whose standard of life fluctuated with the vicissitudes of a hyacinth in a pot. This "external accident" came into her life quite accidentally, without will or purpose on her part; but it interested her, appealed to her, turned her from a slut into a good and careful wife; and her character changed for its sake. But, at the moment of its blooming, it was broken and destroyed; and with its fall she too fell, back into the ways of the slattern and the drunkard. True, the cause of its fall, and therefore also of hers, was her husband's temper; character and not mere accident lay behind the change of external circumstance. But, none the less,

it was this latter change, and not any change of character, which was the secret of her moral growth and decay. The application of the story is very obvious. We may, and indeed must, separate causes into the two classes, the external and the internal; we may dwell, and indeed can hardly help dwelling, upon one set to the partial exclusion of the other. But in life

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there is no such separation; character and circumstance are intertwined as the warp and woof of every motive. And the analysis of a social problem and the proposal of a remedy can only be true to life in proportion as they harmonize and bring together the elements which, separable in idea, are in reality inseparable.

*E. J. Urwick.*

### THE SHEPHERDER.

Mack, shivering on the doorstep, his muzzle pressed close against a narrow crack in the door, quit snuffing lustfully at the smell of frying bacon long enough to cock one ear at the swirl behind him. The breathless swish of wind-driven snow was all about him. He listened a moment and turned, whining, to the crack again.

He hated the cold and the bitter drive of the storm, and he was hungry with the hunger that comes to growing dogs and children. He could hear Dot setting the table, and he could smell the coffee boiling—not that he cared for the coffee however. It was the bacon—and the warm boards behind the stove just under the reservoir where he could curl up and sleep—and it was Dot, with her soft hands, patting his sleek, black head and making believe pull his ears. When Mike was gone he was not shut out like this to freeze, and he was not kicked cruelly in the ribs either. He hated Mike and he hated Mike's big overshoes that were at this very minute lying in his favorite place under the reservoir, making the boards nasty and wet with melting snow. If Mike were a dog—

Surely there was something back there in the storm. Mack stopped whining, listened, shook the snow off his back, and rushed out to the gate barking loudly. There he waited bow-

wowing hysterically, keeping one eye on the door behind him.

In a moment the knob turned and Mike's tousled head appeared in a jealously meagre opening, while the warmth of the kitchen, doing battle with the cold from without, enveloped head and shoulders in a white haze.

"C'm back here, you fool, you! C'm 'ere!"

Mack only barked the louder.

And then even Mike's dull ears heard alien sounds—the yelp, yelp of sheep-dogs and the confused murmur of many animals.

A shape took form beyond the gate and a voice greeted Mack, who subsided after a querulous growl or two that he should have made such a mistake.

"Hello! C'm in, whoever yuh be," called Mike, and opened the door wider. Mack, trying to sneak in unnoticed behind the stranger, got another kick for his pains, and retired to nurse his wrath and his ribs in the coal shed.

Mike shut the door and cursed the cold.

"Oh, it's you, Joe! Come up t' the fire and thaw out. Didn't walk, did yuh?"

"Thanky, Mike. I can't stop. My sheep's out here. I just stopped t' get located for I was plumb lost. I seen

the light, but I couldn't tell who's 'twas."

"Sheep driftin', hey? Hope they pile over a cut-bank, some'ers. Supper's about ready—ain't it, Dot? You warm up a little, and then we'll eat."

A fair-haired girl in blue dress and checked apron was kneeling on the further side of the stove taking something from the oven. The man looked again and saw it was biscuits—long rows of biscuits in a pan with crusty, light brown tops and a delicious smell.

"Why, Joe Porter! You sure have drifted off your range, haven't you? You're just in time. Supper's ready, and I guess there's plenty of it."

She smiled at him, showing him three dimples and a row of pretty teeth, surely an unfair array of weapons to flash before a weary man's face. And the biscuits—and the bacon. He smiled back at her, but shook his head regretfully.

"It looks good—all right—but I can't stop. The dogs can hold the sheep t'gether for a few minutes, but I can't stay t' supper. The river ain't fenced down here in your field, is it, Mike?"

"You still herdin' fur Taylor?" Mike's face took on a crafty smile. He hated Taylor and he hated Taylor's sheep. He stopped just short of hating Taylor's herder as well. "Man, you're crazy t' follow them fool sheep a night like this. They'll stay in the field likely. My line fence is good; it'll hold 'em. Set down and take off them overshoes and git yer feet in the oven."

"Is the river fenced?" persisted Joe.

Mike moved the coffee pot from the back of the stove to the hearth, where the steam of it smote the herder's nostrils, and his empty stomach yearned after it.

"Aw, never mind the river; come and eat yer supper. If yuh want t' commit soocide they's easier ways than freezin'."

"I'll have t' go; much obliged, Mike. I couldn't get 'em home against this storm, so I'll just have t' stay with 'em. There ain't—could I get 'em in a corral or some place for the night, Mike?"

"Naw yuh couldn't. I ain't got no shelter for Taylor's sheep. You can turn 'em loose in the field and let 'em take chances seein' they're here, an' you're welcome t' stay here with a good supper an' a good bed; I ain't got any quarrel with you."

Dot had poured a cup of coffee, trickled a thin stream of canned cream into it, and added sugar.

"Here, Joe, you drink this anyway; it'll warm you up. You better stay. A man's worth more than a bunch of sheep."

Joe took off a mitten and emptied the cup in two great gulps.

"That's sure all right, Miss Hawkins, thanks. I'd like t' stay all right. I ain't stuck on blizzards, but I can't leave them poor animals t' face it alone."

He pulled the door open and listened, then closed it, and set his broad back against it. The dogs were holding the sheep, he could tell by the sound. He could afford to steal another minute of light and warmth and of being in Dot's presence.

"Oh, here's that song yuh wanted, Miss Hawkins," he said, fumbling inside his overcoat. "I copied it off last night. I hope yuh can make it out. It's all there, I guess."

Dot took the paper, written closely with lead pencil, and slipped it into her pocket. Then she held out a paper bag, warm and moist from the hot biscuits and bacon that it held.

"Take this along, Joe; it'll come handy, maybe. Oh, it's just to pay for the song, so don't say anything. I'm awfully obliged."

Joe looked wistfully around the

shabby little room and at the face of the girl.

"Well, I must get in motion. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," repeated Dot, her eyes misty. "Good luck."

"So long, Mike," added Joe cheerfully.

The door slammed, shutting out the wind and the snow and the cold; shutting out the tall form of the shepherd as well. Mike lifted the lid of the stove and laid in a lump of coal, dragged his chair across the floor to the table, and took up knife and fork.

"What d' you want t' give him all the biscuits fur?" he growled. "A fool like that ought t' go hungry—and freeze too."

"I didn't," retorted his sister calmly. "There's plenty left. He ain't a fool either; he's what I call a brave man."

"He's what I call a darned fool," reiterated Mike sullenly.

Dot crumpled the paper in her pocket and listened shuddering to the wind.

Out in the field, where the world seemed but a dizzying dance of frozen white meal, Joe plodded steadily against the wind, guided by the staccato of his dogs. The sheep huddled together, their weakened, reproachful little faces turned from the cruel beat of the blizzard.

Joe took his station behind, and once his face was sheltered set his teeth greedily into the crusty warmth of a biscuit. He had eaten breakfast before day, had munched a chunk of sour dough bread with a cold slice of bacon at noon, and had drunk from a brackish spring. Then the blizzard swept down upon him before he could reach shelter and the sheep refused to face it home, and he had walked and shouted and cursed the shivering, drifting blot of gray. So they had wandered blindly until now.

Joe thrust his bare fingers into the bag and counted the biscuits. Two—three—four—there had been five—light, fluffy things such as only a woman can make. He caressed them each in turn. The warmth of them—and the smell—and the crisp, sweet bacon between!

Only a healthy man who has walked long hours in the cold may know the keen agony of hunger or the ecstasy of yearning at the whiff of fresh fried bacon. The fingers closed around a biscuit.

"Oh-h, Bonnie!"

A dog voice—a tired, patient voice—answered away to the right. He could hear her scurry towards him and he knew the trustful shine in her eyes even though he could not see.

The little creature bounded against his legs and whimpered pitifully. Joe stooped in the snow and patted her eager little head.

"It's ladies first, ain't it, Bonnie, old girl? Here! What d'yuh think of this now? Smell it once! Ain't that the stuff? Yuh wasn't looking for no such hand-out as that out here in this frozen hell, where the freeze is ground up into flour and thrown in your face, hey? Naw, it's a cinch yuh wasn't. That went down easy, didn't it? Here's another, old lady; put it away where it'll do the most good. They're out uh sight them biscuits are, Bonnie, cause—Dottie made 'em!"

It seemed that even the dog read the wistfulness of the last whispered words, for she raised her cold muzzle against the man's chilled brown cheek and whined. Joe pushed her gently from him and stood up.

"That's all, Bonnie. Lad's got t' work, too, this night, and he's going t' have a taste. There now—go on—way round 'em!"

The dog gave a short, shrill yelp which held more of courage and not

so much of weariness and bounded away into the blur.

Joe listened until he heard her driving in the stragglers on the far side of the band. Then he sang out cheerfully:—

"Hi, Laddie!"

From the left came a glad yelp and another dog wallowed up to the master and crouched, fawning at his feet. As before Joe stooped and greeted him like a comrade.

"Good boy. You're sure the proper stuff, Lad. And what d'yuh think, say? Here's your supper, all hot from the stove. Ain't that the clear article? Say, Lad, how's your appetite fer warm biscuits, hey? Set your teeth into that once and tell us what yuh think. Ain't it a peach? Say! You're sure the lad that can appreciate good grub on a cold stunt like this, you bet. If you'd a-seen her, Lad, with the lamp a-shining on 'er hair and in 'er eyes when she handed these out t' me you'd love her, Lad, you sure would. No, there ain't any more; I took one myself (it was an odd one, yuh see). I just had to, it smelled so good—and she made it. Well, lick my fingers then. I wish I hadn't eat that other one, Lad, on my soul I do. I was a big chump, that's what. There; go back and keep 'em close; go on."

The dog ran back to his post and the man sighed, folded the paper bag as best he could, and put it tenderly away inside his coat before he followed after his sheep.

Tramping blindly with the wind at his back he pictured the little room he had left behind. He smelt the coffee boiling and heard the rattle of the dishes while they ate. He felt the warmth even while he thrashed his body with his arms to fight off the creeping numbness in his hands. He called cheering words to his dogs and tried to forget the gnawing hunger while he hummed the song he had pen-

cilled so painstakingly the night before in the little cabin where he lived alone with his friends—the dogs:—

There's a sob on every breeze—

"There sure is, all right, on this one. What's the matter, Bonnie? Oh-h, Bonnie! Why, hang it! It's the river—and no fence!"

He set off at a run towards Bonnie, raging at her charges and trying all she could to turn them. Stumbling, breathless, slipping on the wiry sand grass which bordered the river, Joe reached her and heard the rush of water close below—too close.

He whistled imperiously to Lad, who, all unconscious, was pressing the band nearer to the death that waited a scant two rods away. Lad came with a rush, and together they charged the bunch desperately. It was hard work in the face of that gale, and by the time they were safe away from that treacherous overhanging bank Joe felt almost warm.

Then the dreary march began again. Mike Hawkins's south fence held them for a few minutes, but it had only three wires and they were not of the tightest, and the sheep crawled under, leaving whole handfuls of wool to gather snow and swing on the barbs. Beyond there was no river, but there were dangerous washouts where the surrounding country drained into the coulees.

Into one of these the sheep drifted and followed its windings like gray, troubled waters, to its outlet in the coulee. Then, worn with travel and pinched with cold, they halted at last under a high, rocky bank and crowded close for warmth while the wind passed harmlessly over their heads to the hillside beyond, and only the snow sifted silently down upon their cowering backs.

The dogs lay down on the outer edge and licked their chilled feet while they

rested, while their master tramped up and down beside them beating his hands to keep the blood moving and thinking of many things.

He wondered how a man felt who could refuse shelter to suffering brutes on such a night because of a prejudice against their owner and calmly allow a comrade to face that wilderness of cold also because of that prejudice.

He wondered if Dot read the song he had given her and if she noticed the smudges where he erased words not spelled at first to his liking.

He wondered if the coffee pot still stood on the stove, with the coffee hot and strong and fragrant.

What a bitter thing is a blizzard—a blizzard at night! How the cold eats up a man's courage and grips at his blood, chilling it even as it bubbles fresh from his heart. Why hadn't he left the sheep? What was it Dot had said? "A man is worth more than a bunch of sheep." Well, yes. But is a man worth more than his honor?

What if he had left them? No one could blame him, surely—no one, that is, except himself—and—yes, Dot. She knew he would not stay, else why did she pour that cup of coffee? Coffee? What wouldn't he give for a cup now? Yes, and one of those biscuits.

Br-r-r! but the cold could bite. There would be a loss among the sheep—the weak ones couldn't stand a night like this. It was tough enough on the strong. Was that a coyote? What business had even a coyote out on such a night?

For comfort he turned to his dogs.

"Bonnie, old girl, this is sure hard lines, ain't it? I'd set down and let you snuggle agin' me and get warm if I darst. It's mighty little warmth you'd get though. I ain't running no furnace heat at the present time, old lady, I tell you those. How's it coming, Lad? Think they'll find us when it lets up, hey? I'd hate t' have any

money up on it, wouldn't you? But we ain't all in yet, you bet you my life we ain't. Our paws don't go in the air just so long's they can wiggle-waggle. Ain't that right?

"Gee, Bonnie, I wisht I could lick my paws and get some feel into 'em! I wisht I could stick 'em into the oven them biscuits come out of—Dotty Hawkins's oven. I wisht I could get hold of her little paws—they're soft and warm—that warm yuh can feel 'em clear to your toes, lad. That's right. Yuh can."

When day sifted through the snow clouds the storm had not lifted though it raged less fiercely.

Dot cleared away the breakfast feverishly and swept the kitchen with less care for the dust under the stove and in the corners than was usual to her methodical nature. Mike toasted his feet in the oven and smoked.

"There's five calves missin'," he grumbled. "Drifted off when the blizzard struck yist'day. I wisht it'd clear off so'st I c'd go and look fur 'em."

"I'll go," volunteered Dot eagerly, "I don't mind the storm a bit. I think it's fun to ride in it."

Mike sucked on his pipe and grunted.

"Anything's fun that yuh don't have t' Jo. If yuh go yuh want t' fix fur it. This ain't no day for women's skirts a-floppin' on a side saddle. You go like a man if you go at all. Put on my chaps an' fur coat."

Having thus eased his conscience he dropped his lank body to the heat and prepared for a comfortable forenoon at least.

Dot, having put on masculine attire, made other strange preparations for hunting stray calves. For one thing she took a pint flask and filled it nearly full of strong black coffee, stole into Mike's room and finished filling

it from Mike's jug of brandy, then corked it tightly and slipped it into a pocket in the fur overcoat.

"Has the wind changed since last night?" she asked when she was ready, with only her eyes to tell you who she was.

"Nah. Aint likely to either," grunted Mike.

Outside, she called Mack and waded awkwardly in her strange garb to the barn, where she saddled not one horse but two. Mike had not even offered to saddle up for her, and it took some time cumbered as she was by the fur coat. She wondered as she struggled into the saddle how men managed to carry so many clothes. She was stifling with heat as she rode away to the south.

Following the line fence she discovered the place where many ragged little white bunches swayed on the lower wire and rolled precipitately off her pony.

With a hammer which she had stuck in her pocket for just this emergency she deliberately pulled staples, the number of which would have wrung the soul of Mike had he seen her. When the wires lay flat she led the horses over them, mounted, and rode on before the wind.

A mile of straight level, then came the broken ground where the washouts lay. She stopped, called Mack to her, and held something down for him to smell—a folded, white paper covered with pencilled writing.

"Seek him, Mack!"

Mack understood. It was the tall fellow who never kicked a dog but always had time for a pleasant greeting and who followed sheep around the country. It was perfectly simple. To find him one had only to find sheep, and did not the odor of many sheep cry aloud to the very heavens? Seek him? It was a joke at which he could have laughed. Down this washout,

for instance, the air was rank of sheep. A little further, now—

Dot rode up to the shivering gray patch under the bank where two weary dogs stood guard and a wearier man stumbled back and forth along a pitiful black-beaten trail.

He eyed her stupidly, still staggering along the path he had made.

"Hello!" he said as one half-awakened from sleep. "Are yuh—looking—f'r some one?"

"I'm looking for you, Joe." Dot choked and swallowed hard.

Joe lurched nearer, studying her figure wonderingly.

"Dotty—is it—you? I'm—about all in, my girl."

"No you ain't either," cried Dot, fiercely tearing open her coat. "A man like you—to keep your feet and your wits all night—you ain't going to give up now. I never slept for thinking of you in the storm. Here, drink this and then climb on to Mike's horse. Here, it will steady you."

Joe lifted a wooden hand and dropped it again with the shadow of a smile.

"Can't, Dot. My hands—they're snowed under, yuh see."

Dot tore at the cork with her teeth.

"Here, Joe—lean against me—that way. I'll hold the bottle. Drink it all—every drop. There's brandy in it—I stole some of Mike's."

When Joe spoke again his voice was firmer. The light came into his eyes.

"You're the proper stuff, little girl. A little more and I'd a-been all in. I can't climb into that saddle. I'm limber as a froze jack rabbit—that's what."

So Dot got down and helped him, while the horse, which was used to having Mike boosted into the saddle in the gray of a morning, waited decorously till they were quite ready.

"I'll send Mike after some one for the sheep. A man's life comes first—

yours does, Joe. Mother'll be home t'-day and she's as good as forty doctors. You'll stop with us till you're well."

Joe steadied himself in the saddle though he could not hold the reins with his frozen fingers.

*The Sphere.*

"Come, Lad," he said huskily. "Come, Bonnie, my girl. Yuh mind them biscuits yuh had? You'll get some more just like 'em maybe. We're going t' Heaven, sure. We're going—home—with Dottie."

*B. M. Bowen.*

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## THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Prime Minister, after all, had a surprise in store. The plan he proposes for overcoming the anticipated resistance of the Lords to a variety of measures is not the rough-and-ready method of giving them a second chance in the Session following their rejection of a Bill, and, if they repeat their indiscretion, passing it over their heads. It is an elaborate arrangement, involving much consultation and extending over something like 18 months. If we were about to frame a new Constitution, it would call for careful consideration, and deserve praise as, at all events, an ingenious, if complicated design for retaining a second Chamber and yet guarding against friction between it and the popular House. The plan is this: When the Lords have thrown out a Bill on the second reading, or so altered it in Committee as to lead to its withdrawal, a private conference will be held between the two Houses, each appointing an equal number of members. If this conference leads to no agreement the Bill may be brought in again, after an interval of not less than six months—the discussion of it being then confined, as far as possible, to any new points that may have been introduced into it. This Bill will again be sent to the Lords, and, if the failure to arrive at an agreement on it is repeated, a second conference will be held. If this comes to nothing, the Bill will rapidly

be passed through all its stages in the Commons, and the Lords will be given another opportunity of accepting it. If they are still unmovable there will be a third conference, and if this, in its turn, leads to no agreement, the Bill will become law by the action of the Commons alone.

What are the defects in our present system which have been so much in evidence during the recent controversy? They are mainly two—that the Lords habitually throw out Ministerial Bills, when a Liberal Government is in office, and habitually pass Ministerial Bills when a Conservative Government is in office. No doubt Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's plan meets this first difficulty. In the third Session, at latest, a Bill brought in by a Liberal Government will be sure of passing. Nor will it be passed—this much must in fairness be conceded—without a great deal of discussion both in private conferences and out-of-doors. But what advantage has this complicated procedure over that at present in force? The advantage of limiting the powers of a House of Lords which is determined to throw out, time after time, every important measure that a Liberal Government brings forward. This would be a very great advantage if a House of Lords answering to this description really existed. But where is such a House to be found? Certainly not in this country. The lists of

the sins of the Lords which are prepared by excited political students for presentation to the House of Commons are lists of Bills which the Lords have, in the end, passed. Neither the Plural Voting Bill nor the Education Bill has been brought forward a second time; consequently it cannot be said, except by way of a guess, that the Lords would have gone on rejecting them. The Lords may only have wished to test the determination of the Government, and have intended to pass them this year if Ministers stood by their purpose. Consequently, the occasion for the proposed legislation may not have arisen when the Bill founded on Wednesday's resolution makes its appearance. Let us assume, however, that by that time the occasion in question has arisen; that the House of Lords has lost its head, and run a-muck at all the Ministerial Bills sent up to it. How will time be saved by the adoption of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's proposal? It would take, perhaps, 18 months, certainly a year, to get the Bills safely through the necessary conferences and reconsiderations, whereas by dissolving Parliament, and taking the judgment of the electors on the rejected measures, their success would at once be assured, unless the opinion of the country had changed in the meantime. Even the most impassioned assailants of the Lords do not go the length of charging them with not deferring to the judgment of the electors, when once it has been unmistakably pronounced.

The second objection to the Government plan goes deeper. It is the old contention that the House of Commons is not, in all cases, the best judge of the real mind of the electorate. Constituencies sometimes change their minds, and change them with great rapidity, and the conferences suggested by the Prime Minister do not supply an adequate means of ascertaining

whether this has happened. A dissolution seems to be the one thing which the Government and the majority of their supporters cannot put up with. It is intelligible, of course, that Ministers should not like risking their places, and that candidates should not like risking their seats. But is there any reason to suppose that the electors dislike a dissolution? We know of none. Indeed, there are several obvious reasons why they should like one. It provides them with unwonted excitement. It gives them an opportunity of hearing speeches from bigger men than they usually come across. It furnishes the only occasion on which they feel themselves more important than the man for whom they can vote, or not vote, as they please. We do not bring forward these facts as arguments for promoting needless dissolutions. But we question whether a Government which wishes to avoid dissolutions when, it may be, they are necessary, will find it as easy as they think to fire the electorate in favor of their plan.

The most serious objection, however, to the Prime Minister's proposals is that they leave one of the two defects charged against the House of Lords entirely unremedied. Let it be conceded, for argument's sake, that the change as regards Liberal Bills is all that can be desired, there is no change at all as regards Conservative Bills. A Liberal Government will be able to pass its principal measures after much delay. A Conservative Government will, as now, be able to pass all its measures with no delay. This is rather an odd kind of settlement for the Liberal party to find pleasure in. The only explanation of their attitude that we can think of is the highly improbable one that they have really persuaded themselves that they are in power for good and all. There are to be no more swings of the pendulum.

It is tied up permanently at the Liberal end. To any one who does not share this pleasing assurance, it will appear that a scheme which makes perpetual the present distribution of party strength in the House of Lords is at best a very imperfect scheme, in that it does not provide against a danger far more real than those of which so much was said on the Liberal side in this week's debate. Let us imagine that the illness of Mr. Chamberlain, which we all regret, had befallen Mr. Balfour instead, and that, as the inevitable consequence of this, Mr. Chamberlain had become Prime Minister, say, in 1902. Can we doubt that he would have brought forward a Bill establishing preferential duties, and that this Bill would have been accepted with enthusiasm by the then House of Commons? In that case, no part of the elaborate machinery contemplated by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would have come into play. There would have been no place for conferences, since the majorities in both Houses would have been of one mind. There would have been no need to bring in the Bill a second time; it would have been placed on the Statute Book without so much as an interval for further consideration. We know of nothing to prevent a similar catas-

*The Economist.*

trophe in some future Parliament, unless the House of Lords can be brought to recognize that the function of giving the electors an opportunity of withdrawing the confidence they placed in a Government a year or two earlier, whenever there is reason to doubt whether they are still in the same mind, equally belongs to the Second Chamber, whichever party is in power. All that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said about the uselessness of the Lords as a check upon a Conservative Ministry is absolutely true. But its truth seems to have made no impression upon him, except as furnishing a good point for his speech. The Lords would be as useless for this purpose if his proposals were adopted as they are now when the gist of them has only just been disclosed. The plain fact is that what is wanted, and greatly wanted, is in no way provided by the Prime Minister's scheme. The only way out of a difficulty, the reality of which we feel as strongly as any member of the Government can do, is by substituting a good Second Chamber for the faulty one we now have. Give us a Second Chamber which will stand in case of need between us and our too hasty selves; give us a reformed House of Lords.

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## STRANGERS.

An instinctive dislike of strangers can exist with a very real love of society, and a strong desire to be in their company goes often with very little social gift. A great many people are at their worst with those they do not know. Some are shy, some, perhaps, have not the energy to break new ground, while upon others the effect of the presence of a stranger is to loosen

some habitual cord of self-control and render them suddenly aggressive. The shyness which merely means a fear of strangers is a simple kind of shyness, and as a rule causes little suffering. It is nothing but the remnant of a childish timidity which some men and women never entirely grow out of. It makes them uncomfortable for the moment, but it leaves no recollection of

folly to sting them in the future, for who really cares what impression he has made upon strangers as soon as the strangers are gone, though he may care acutely at the time? Many people, who are seriously handicapped all through life by a shyness which never attacks them except in the presence of those with whom they are well acquainted, enjoy among total strangers a refreshing immunity. This is specially the case with those who are oppressed by a sense that they cannot do themselves justice in company, and who are, so to speak, self-conscious of considerable ability. Alternate fits of conceit and humility destroy their peace in life, and only among friends who know all about them, or strangers who know nothing, are they at their ease. Timidity among strangers, on the other hand, has nothing to do with a man's opinion of himself. It is almost as much apart from character as the possession or the want of a strong head for heights. For the moment the timid person is incapacitated for all social work, but no sooner is he back in a familiar atmosphere than his fright is forgotten.

But quite apart from shyness, a sinking of heart is very commonly experienced by those who find themselves obliged by circumstances, or a hostess, to be agreeable for an hour or so to some one they never saw before. It means a considerable effort, and for social effort even those who love society are not always prepared. The game of conversation, like so many other games, has been brought to too great a pitch of perfection in certain circles, and to play with some one not accustomed to the rigor of the game, or accustomed perhaps to observe the by-laws of another club, is hardly worth while. But putting all affectations aside, one must give one's whole attention and be constantly on the alert if one is to make acquaintance to any

purpose; and if one regards social life simply in the light of recreation, that, again, may seem to be not worth doing. Consequently there are delightful talkers who never take the trouble to talk at all, except to those they know, or, at any rate, know about. The wider their reputation for charm, the deeper the disappointment they constantly cause. But the man who is silent with strangers is not half so trying to his hosts as the man whom they rouse to a kind of aggression. Some men are possessed of a demon who is exorcised by friendship, and indeed by all the serious affairs of life, but who in strange company becomes a tyrant. This spirit of mischief insists that they should make a bad impression. Their hearts may be ever so kind, but they must pose as brutes; they may be ever so tolerant in reality, but they must act the part of an opinionated partisan. The odd thing is that this particular type of demon almost invariably afflicts delightful people, which is why the man with many devoted friends has often more strange enemies. There is a third type of person whom strangers render platitudinous. They will never believe that those with whom they are unacquainted are not necessarily very stupid, but are often able to understand conversation not confined either to the weather or the copybook. Old-fashioned men and women commonly address those they consider beneath them in this strain, and, having suited their sentiments to the imagined simplicity of their hearers, succeed in convincing themselves that education has been a failure, and that the working classes are mentally just where they were before primary instruction was compulsory. No less an authority upon the poor than Miss Loane assures her readers in her last book (*"The Next Street but One"*) that poor people often feign ignorance and stupidity out

of politeness to those interlocutors who expect it of them, and we are sure that many upper-class strangers half unconsciously do the same.

It is certain, however, that if a large number of persons are depressed by the presence of strangers, there are many opposite natures to whom strangers serve as a tonic, and on whom, physically, mentally, and morally, the presence of those whom they do not know has a very good effect. For some commonplace but very good women social pleasure is only to be had among strangers. They go in search of them when they feel tired just as others go in search of ozone. Their idea of happiness is to be in some place of public entertainment and look around upon the faces of a prosperous crowd. The sight really does them good. They feel immediately an increase of energy both of mind and body, and they have a genuine pleasure in the sight of other folks' gaiety. For them intimacy means too often a mutual confidence of care. Their minds never find a rest in the consideration of the abstract. Among their friends they cannot forget their troubles, and it is only among strangers that they feel light-hearted.

Again, there are some third-rate natures of both sexes whom only the presence of a stranger can cause to forget themselves. Their families long to keep one permanently with them. He or she may not be very interesting, but any unknown person will act as a spur. They are immediately less ailing, less dull-minded, and less selfish. They need an audience, and an audience that does not know them, before whom they can imagine themselves what, after all, poor things, they would like to be. The fine sentiments they express are really theirs, only the effort to act up to them is too great. They are really capable of an interest

in outside things, but they must be led to them by a strange guide.

It is not, however, by any means only inferior minds who find an unfailing tonic in the company of strangers. Very often lovers of strangers are among the most genial of men and the best and most constant of friends. There are plenty of adventurous spirits who intensely enjoy a voyage into any kind of society to which they are unaccustomed, and to whom intercourse with any fresh acquaintance is fraught with delightful possibilities. They are always hoping to pick up something of value, perhaps an amusing story, perhaps a piece of desirable knowledge, possibly even a friend. "Old friends, new acquaintances," is their motto. They constantly seek fresh experiences among new people, gladly losing sight of those they have never known well, and eagerly exploring new ground. This love of strange faces often leads excellent women whose social horizon is small into the bypaths of philanthropy, and we have heard it given as one of the attractions which cause so many young men to enter the medical profession in the hope of becoming "consultants." There are benevolent people with a sincere desire to be of use to their fellow-creatures who have not the capacity or the patience to make friends with those to whom they are drawn by pity and not by common interests. They had rather that their *protégés* or their patients should pass out of their lives as soon as they have done what they can for them, and they are ever ready to expend their energies upon new material. If they are women, they had rather do anything in the world than philanthropic work in a country village, but they will work themselves to death among the seething mass of the town poor. If they are doctors, nothing short of dire necessity would take them to a country practice, but in a

town consulting-room they never pass an hour of *ennui*.

For a few elect souls in all classes strangers seem hardly to exist. They are instantly at home with all whom they may come across. They seem more at ease in whatever surroundings than the ordinary man and woman, and sometimes one is tempted to wonder whether this is really their first life on earth, or whether stored somewhere in their minds beyond the power of the memory to bring to light there exists a hoard of social experience. They seem never to be exactly old or

*The Spectator.*

exactly young. They are typical of no class, and, as a rule, somewhat oblivious of those social distinctions a nice interest in which tends always to produce ignorance of human nature. The cant of the modern comfortable, who curse an existence they make every effort to preserve, fills them with amazement and consternation. For them the charm of every new day is its familiarity. They are the real men and women of the world, for whom time goes too quickly, and whose only quarrel with life is its inevitable end.

## OLD AGE.

He came running out of darkness, and spoke at once:

"Go an' see my poor mother, gentleman; go an' see my poor father an' mother!"

It was midnight, and by the light of the street lamp he who made this strange request looked ragged and distraught.

"They lives in Gold-street, 25; go an' see 'em, gentleman. Mrs. James White—my poor mother, starvin'."

In England no one starves.

"Go an' see 'em, gentleman; it's the book o' truth I'm tellin' you. They're old; they got no food; they got nothin'."

"Very well, I will."

"Go an' see 'em, gentleman; I'm their son."

"Yes, yes; I will."

He thrust out his face to see whether he might trust his ears, then without warning turned and ran on down the road. His shape vanished in the darkness, whence it came. . . .

Gold Street, with its small gray houses whose doors are always open,

and its garbage-littered gutters, where children are at play:

"Mr. and Mrs. James White?"

"First floor back. . . . Mr. White—wanted!"

My dog sniffed at the passage wall, that smelted unlike the walls belonging to him; and presently an old man came. He looked at us distrustfully, and we looked back distrustfully at him.

"Mr. James White?"

"Yes."

"Last night some one calling himself your son asked me to come and see you."

"Come up, Sir."

The room was unpapered, and not more than nine feet square; it contained a double-bed, over whose dirty mattress was stretched a black-brown rag; a fireplace and no fire; a saucepan, but nothing in it; two cups, a tin or two, no carpet, a knife and spoon, a basin, some photographs, and rags of clothing; all blackish and discolored.

On a wooden chair before the hearth was sitting an old woman, whose brown-skinned face was crowsfooted

all over. Her hair was white, and she had little bright gray eyes and a wart on one nostril. A dirty shawl was pinned across her chest; this, with an old skirt and vest, seemed all her clothing. The third finger of her left hand was encircled by a broad gold ring. There were two chairs, and the old man placed the other one for me, having rubbed it with his sleeve. My dog lay with his chin pressed to the ground, for the scents and sights of poverty displeased him.

"I'm afraid you're down on your luck?"

"Yes, Sir, we are down."

"Please don't stand."

Seated on the border of the bed, he was seen to be a man with features colored grayish-dun by lack of food; his weak hair, and fringe of beard, were touched with gray; a dumb, long-suffering man, from whom discouragement and want had planed away expression.

"How have you got into this state?"

"The winter, Sir, an' my not gettin' work."

A confidential whisper came from the old lady by the hearth:

"Father can work, Sir; oh! 'e can work, Sir."

"Yes, I can work; I'm good for a day's work at any time."

"I'm afraid you don't look it!"

His hand was shaking violently, and he tried to stop its movement.

"It's a bit chilly; I feels well enough in meself."

More confidential than ever came the old lady's whisper:

"Father's very good 'ealth, Sir; oh! 'e can work. It's not 'avin' any break-fast that makes 'im go like that this weather."

"But how old are you?"

"Father's seventy-one, Sir, and I'm the same. Born within two months of each other—wasn't we, Father?"

"Forgive my saying so, Mr. White,

but, with all this competition, is there much chance of your getting work at that age? What *are* you?"

"Painter I am, Sir; take any work—I'm not particular. Mr. Williams gives me a bit when times are good, but the winter—"

"Father can work, Sir; oh! 'e can work!"

"Forty-three years I worked for one firm—forty-three years."

"What firm was that?"

"Forty-three years—till they gave up business—"

"But what firm—"

"Answer the gentleman's question. Father's very slow, Sir."

"Potter's, of John-street, that was—forty-three years. Now they've given up."

"How long since they gave up?"

"Three years."

"And how have you managed since?"

"Just managed along—get some jobs in the summer—just managed along."

"You mustn't mind Father, Sir. Why don't you tell the gentleman? Just managed along as you see, Sir—everything's gone now."

She passed her hand over her mouth, and the sound of her whisper was more intimate than ever:

"Dreadful things we've suffered in this room, Sir; dreadful! I don't like to speak of 'em, if you'll believe me."

And, with that almost soundless whisper, that stealthy movement of her hand before her mouth, all those things she spoke of seemed to be happening in their dreadful privacy, to these two old people behind their close-shut door.

There was a silence; my dog spoke with his eyes: "Master, we have been here long enough; I smell no food, there is no fire."

"I'm afraid you must feel the cold dreadfully this weather."

"We stays in bed as long as we can,

Sir—to keep warm, you know—to keep warm.”

The old man nodded from the black ruin of a bed.

“But I see you have no blankets.”

“All gone, Sir—all gone.”

“But had you no savings out of that forty-three years?”

“Family, Sir—family; four sons an’ two daughters; never more than thirty shillin’s a week. He always gave me his wages—Father always gave me his wages.”

“I never was one to drink.”

“Sober man, Father; an’ now he’s old; but ‘e can work, Sir; ‘e can work.”

“But can’t your sons help you?”

“One’s dead, Sir, died of fever, and one”—her withered finger touched her forehead—“not quite—you know, not quite—”

“The one I saw last night, I suppose.”

“Not quite—not since he was in the Army. A bit—” Again she touched her forehead.

“And the other two?”

“Good sons, Sir; but large families, large families, you know—not able.”

“And the daughters?”

“One’s dead, Sir; and the other’s married away.”

“Haven’t you any one then to fall back on?”

The old man interrupted heavily:

“No, Sir; we haven’t.”

“Father doesn’t put things right, Sir—let me speak to the gentleman! Tell you the truth, never ‘ad the habit, Sir; not accustomed to ask for things; never done it—couldn’t!”

The old man spoke again:

“The Society looked into our case; ‘ere’s their letter. Owin’ to my not ‘avin’ any savin’s, we weren’t thought fit for bein’ ‘elped; so they says, ‘ere. All my savin’s is gone these two years; what could I save, with six children?”

“Father couldn’t save, ‘e did ‘is duty by them—‘e couldn’t save. We’ve not

been in the ‘abit of askin’ people, Sir; wouldn’t do such a thing—couldn’t!”

“Well, you see they’ve made a start with Old-age Pensions?”

The old man slowly answered:

“I ‘eard something—I don’t trouble about Politics.”

“Father never was a one for the public-house, Sir, never.”

“But you used to have a vote, of course?”

A smile came on his lips and faded, and in that smile, not even ironical, he passed judgment on the centuries that had left him where he was.

“I never bothered about them. I let that alone!” And again he smiled. “I’ll be dead long before they reach me, I know that.”

“What’s to be done? The winter’s only half over! What are you going to do?”

“Well, Sir, I don’t know *what* we’re goin’ to do.”

“Don’t you think that, all things considered, you’d be better off in the—in the Infirmary?”

Silence.

“You know they—they’re quite comfortable, and—”

Silence.

“It’s not as if there were any—any disgrace, or—”

Silence.

“Well?”

He rose and crossed over to the hearth, and my dog, disturbed, sniffed at his trousers. “You are worn out,” he seemed to say; “go where you ought to go, then my master will not have to visit you, and waste the time he owes to me.” And he, too, rose, and came and put his snout upon my knee: “When I am old, Master, you will still take care of me, that is understood between us. But this man has no one to take care of him. So let us go!”

The old man spoke at last:

“No, Sir. I don’t want to go there, I can work; I don’t want to go there.”

Beyond him the whisper rose:

"Father can work, Sir; 'e can work. So long as we get a crust o' bread, we'd rather stay 'ere."

"I've got this, but I can't bring meself to use it. I can work, Sir; I've always worked." He took out a piece of paper. It was an order, admitting James White, aged 71, and Eliza White, his wife, aged 71, into the local Workhouse; if used for purposes of begging to be destroyed.

"Father can work, Sir; 'e can work. We seen dreadful times in this room, believe me, Sir, before we came to getting that. We don't want to go. I tell Father I'd rather die out 'ere."

"But you'd be so much more comfortable, Mrs. White; you must know that."

"Yes, Sir; but there it is—I don't want to, and Father don't want to."

"I can work; I can go about with a barrer, or anything."

"But can you *live*?"

"Well, Sir, so long as we're alive; The Nation.

after that, I can't tell. They'll get us then, I suppose."

And the whisper came:

"We can't 'elp it after that. As you see, Sir—there's nothin' left, there's nothin' left."

She raised her hand and pointed to the bed; and the sun, that had been hidden all the morning, broke through and glittered on her wedding ring. . . .

Out in the gray street that had the name of Gold, my dog and I walked fast; we left behind the gutters where the children play, and came to the main avenue. Here there were trees and houses with shut doors. And well-dressed men and stylish women kept on passing us. For all of them Old Age was waiting; for their fathers and their mothers, for their children after them! And there was not one of them but knew that for the poor, too, Old Age is waiting.

But since they had not seen what we had seen, they were not thinking of these things.

*John Galsworthy.*

## BALLADS.\*

There are many ballad-books, and of course they cannot all be absolutely new; but there is always room for fresh treatment of the old matter, and Mr. Sidgwick has not neglected his opportunities. He has found a novelty or two, not included in Child's great collection, and he has dealt fairly with many of the problems. His work was begun some years before the abridged edition of Child (Nutt, 1905), and has a different purpose; it will be found in

\* "Popular Ballads of the Olden Time." Selected and edited by Frank Sidgwick.—First Series: "Ballads of Romance and Chivalry." Second Series: "Ballads of Mystery and Miracle, and Fyttes of Mirth." Third Series: "Ballads of Scottish Tradition and Romance." (Bullen. 3s. 6d. net each.)

some ways easier to read and understand. There are many people who keep to the old Ballad Book of the Golden Treasury series as the proper right book of this order; but it cannot be denied that Mr. Allingham was sometimes a little casual and capricious in his editing; he left out one of the finest verses in "Chevy Chase":—

There was never a time on the March-parties  
Sen the Douglas and the Percy met  
But it is marvel and the red blood run  
not  
As the rain does in the street.

Mr. Sidgwick is more scrupulous about his texts, while he does everything pos-

sible to lighten their difficulties in his notes. In his general preface and separate introductions he is judicious, and does not attempt to force a theory on his readers. This is no small praise, for the problems of the ballads are dangerous, and have been the cause of much excitement ever since the days of Percy and Ritson. It is rather hard to understand why it should be so, at any rate when there is no sensational question of imposture such as those described in Mr. Farrer's recent book on "Literary Forgeries." Possibly it is the vagueness of some writers that provokes the skepticism of others; the "communal authorship" of ballads, even when it is maintained with caution and all prudent safeguards by Mr. Gummere and Mr. Kittredge, may appear too hazardous, too "metaphysical," for critics with a positive turn of mind. Then there is the difficulty of defining a ballad—but possibly that is an unreal difficulty, to be avoided by a simple refusal. Why should one be forced to define one's terms? Why should the Socratic method be allowed to make people uncomfortable? Why not meet Socrates—when he begins his usual tedious opening and asks "What is a ballad?"—by saying simply that a ballad is the sort of thing that is found in "Child's 'English and Scottish Popular Ballads,'" and that it is not "The Nut Brown Maid" and is not "Helen of Kirkconnel"? Many difficulties would then disappear, and possibly some progress might be made.

Mr. Sidgwick does not refer, in his list of books, to Mr. Lang's article on Ballads in the new edition of "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature" (1901), which brings out some of the chief points at issue in a controversy where the opponents seldom meet one another, and seem too often as if they were talking to themselves. Mr. Lang there explains, and proves by quotations from Mr. Courthope and

other writers, that the difference and debate as to the origin of the ballads is a difference between those who think of the ballads as folk-lore and those who regard them as literary romances run to seed, broken down versions of old epics. The problem is not as simple as it may appear; some things in it are perhaps as difficult as anything in literary history. Mr. Lang has shown very clearly how inadequate, in this country, is the opinion which seems to have the larger number of advocates—Mr. Courthope in his "History of English Poetry," Mr. Henderson in "Scottish Vernacular Literature," Mr. Gregory Smith, Mr. Hepburn Millar—the view, namely, that the ballad is, as Mr. Courthope expresses it, "a type of poem adapted by the professors of the declining art of minstrelsy from the romances much in favor with the educated classes." It is not denied that many ballads are derived from romances—"Hynd Horn" is one of them, a true ballad. But is it necessary to hold that because a poem is derived it is therefore inferior to its original, or that it may not contain a new essence of its own? This would be absurd, for "The Faery Queene" and *Hamlet*, which are both derived from old romances once in favor with the educated classes, would then become, what the ballads have been styled, mere "literary debris of the Middle Ages." And the ballad of "Hynd Horn," though it certainly is derived somehow from one or other of the old romances about King Horn or Horn Childe, is very different from any of them in its form, and in some respects very much finer. It cuts the long narrative, the early distresses and exploits of the disinherited rightful heir; it selects, it keeps only what is effective and exciting—Horn's return in disguise, and the recognition by the bride when he drops the ring into the cup. It is all good enough in the old narrative poem, but

the ballad is playing a different game, and is something more than a mere corrupt and degenerate epic poem. The ballad is lyrical always, and those who explain it as minstrels' hackwork will have to explain how the hackwork comes to have a lyrical beauty such as is never found in the literary romances of the "educated classes." This beauty is often very hard to describe or analyze, but it is none the worse for that; there are phrases in the traditional ballads that make the literary romances look foolish, or merely respectable, by comparison:—

The wind doth blow to-day, my love,  
And a few small drops of rain;  
I never had but one true love,  
In cold grave she was lain.

What narrative poem of the fashionable schools ever did anything like that? Or anything like the haunting witchery of this other phrase, repeated in the "Bonny Banks o' Fordie":—

He's killed this may, and he's laid her  
by,  
*For to bear the red rose company.*

The oldest ballad in English is "Judas" (13th century), and here, where the origin is plain enough, the ballad has the lyrical tune which no narrative original suggested to it:—

Thou comest far i the brodè stret, *far*  
*i the brodè strete,*  
Some of thine tounèsmen ther thou  
mayst imete.

Here the repetition is quite unlike the manner of narrative literature at that time.

There is another fairly strong objection to the minstrel theory—viz., that the ballads have, most of them, plots quite unlike those of the literary romances. Most of the romances have happy endings; the ballads are mostly tragical. If they are derived from literary narratives, how is one to account for the disappearance of the old sad

stories in their literary narrative form? This tragic spirit in the ballads is not found everywhere, indeed; Kinmont Willie is brought out of Carlisle, and Jamie Telfer gets his beasts again, and Janet her lover at Carterhaugh. But in how many of the ballads is there an escape from death? In how many of the literary romances, besides "Tristan" and the "Mort Arthur" is there a tragic end? Whatever the explanation may be, one is drawn to make a distinction, and a deep one, between the lyrical ballad of the Middle Ages and the professional narrative poem. The ballads have other subjects, for the most part; a different aim; and, not seldom, a poetical beauty as remote from the merits of the narrative class, of "Beowulf" or "Sir Bevis," as Avalon or St. Brendan's Isle is distant from Leadenhall.

Much has been written lately in foreign countries about ballad literature, and gradually some things seem to be coming out clearly from the confusion. One of the most enlightening essays on the subject is a review by Gaston Paris of Count Nigra's Piemontese collection of ballads. In that article, which appeared in the *Journal des Savants*, it is explained how there is a ballad region including France (with Provence), Catalonia, and North Italy, where ballads are common and circulate freely. This region (which is well represented in the late M. Doncieux's "Romancero Populaire") has connections with the ballad literature of the North, with England, Germany, and Denmark. It seems to be generally separate from the Spanish ballads commonly so-called, which are Castilian; this division between Castile and Catalonia is one of the strange things in the matter. The Castilian ballads have been fully described lately in a book by Menendez Pelayo; it is curious to find the Spanish scholars—Menendez Pidal is another—making out

the derivations of the ballads from earlier Spanish *chansons de geste*. That theory seems to work in Castile. In Denmark there have been some remarkable experiments lately; a poet, Dr. Ernst von der Recke, has made for himself a dictionary of all the common phrases in the ballads, and has reconstructed from varying versions what he conjectures to be the original forms of a number of the traditional popular poems. Dr. Axel Olrik, besides his great work continuing the edition of ballads which Gruntvig began, has made a study of the Danish ballad of "Ribbold," which corresponds to our "Douglas Tragedy" or "Earl Brand"—the flight of the two lovers and the pursuit by the lady's kinsfolk—and his results will possibly be found unacceptable here by the holders of the minstrel theory, because they put its origin as a ballad pretty early in the Middle Ages, among Danish settlers in England. It certainly looks as if Danish and English ballads were closely related together, and also related

closely to the French-Catalan-Lombard group, with German and Castilian rather outlying on the one side and the other. It may be necessary to move back to an earlier date the common origin of the ballad fashion. This, in England, has usually been taken rather late, though the ballad of "Judas" shows the form well established in the 13th century. Whatever may come from all this natural history, we are inclined to think that the ballads will still be rather wonderful things, on account of their difference from most other medieval kinds of story telling. The simplest explanation would be to suppose that there is a kind of Platonic idea of a ballad, which travels about the world and settles in people's minds and takes up all sorts of matters, from Judas to Lamkin, the false mason, and gives them all the same peculiar stamp, the same sort of method. Indeed, they are very different from Sir Bevis, and Sir Guy, and from most of the expatriating heroes of the more or less literary romances.

The Times.

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## FOR THE CENTENARY OF GARIBALDI.

We who have seen Italia in the throes,  
Half risen but to be hurled to ground, and now,  
Like a ripe field of wheat where once drove plough,  
All bounteous as she is fair, we think of those

Who blew the breath of life into her frame:  
Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi: Three:  
Her Brain, her Soul, her Sword; and set her free  
From ruinous discords, with one lustrous aim.

The set of torn Italia's glorious day  
Was ever sunrise in each filial breast.  
Of eagle beaks by righteousness unblest  
They felt her pulsing body made the prey.

Wherefore they struck, and had to count their dead.  
With bitter smile of resolution nerved

To try new issues, holding faith unswerved,  
Promise they gathered from the rich blood shed.

In them Italia, visible to us then  
As living, rose; for proof that huge brute Force  
Has never being from celestial source,  
And is the lord of cravens, not of men.

Now breaking-up the crust of temporal strife,  
Who reads their acts enshrined in History sees  
That Tyrants were the Revolutionaries,  
The Rebels men heart-vowed to hallowed life.

Pure as the Archangel's cleaving Darkness thro',  
The Sword he sees, the keen unwearied Sword,  
A single blade against a circling horde,  
And aye for Freedom and the trampled few.

The cry of Liberty from dungeon cell,  
From exile, was his God's command to smite.  
As for a swim in sea he joined the fight,  
With radiant face, full sure that he did well.

Behold a warrior dealing mortal strokes,  
Whose nature was a child's: begirt by foes,  
A wary trickster: and at warfare's close,  
No gentler friend this leopard dashed with fox.

Down the long roll of History will run  
The story of those deeds, and speed his race  
Beneath defeat more hotly to embrace  
The noble cause and trust to another sun.

And lo, that sun is in Italia's skies  
This day, by grace of his good sword in part.  
It beckons her to keep a warrior heart  
For guard of beauty, all too sweet a prize.

Earth gave him: blessed be the Earth that gave.  
Earth's Master crowned his honest work on earth;  
Proudly Italia names his place of birth;  
The bosom of Humanity his grave.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To their attractive and convenient pocket series of American and English classics for school use, the Macmillan Co. adds a volume of selections from the poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes, edited by J. H. Castleman, with an introduction and notes.

The division of Poetry in Everyman's Library is enriched by the addition of Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* in two volumes, and the *Shorter Poems of William Wordsworth* in one volume. This last is edited by Earnest Rhys, the general editor of the series. In the classical group of the same series we have Sir George Young's rendering in English verse of the *Dramas of Sophocles*, which was first published in 1888.

The dozen or more essays which make up Katharine Burrill's *"Loose Beads"* (E. P. Dutton & Co.) are piquant rather than profound. They are not concerned much with literature or philosophy, but with life and conduct, with simple and even homely themes,—as may be guessed from some of their titles, *Innocence and Ink*, *Chloe in the Kitchen*, *School Books Old and New*, *People who have Nothing to Do*, etc. But they are sprightly, sensible and suggestive.

"Privately published" is not a commendatory introduction for poetry, although as all the world knows, there is "no money in it" for publisher or poet, even in the comparatively rare cases in which the world consents to regard it as published and does not leave it unpurchased and unread. "Surely," thinks the world, "no one would take upon himself the publish-

er's drudgery without calling the attention of the elders of the guild to his wares, and surely they, the keen-eyed and wise, would discern any spark of merit lurking in his work and be eager to fan it to a flame to reflect lustre upon themselves. If they see naught meritorious, naught is there." And yet, "privately published" although Mr. Edward Gilchrist's *"Tiles from the Porcelain Tower"* may be, it requires very little courage to say that any publisher who refused it possibly erred even as to its market value, for it is a little book of genuine poems and sooner or later must be so acknowledged. They are not many, no more than one may read in an hour or two, and all are serious, for their author has no humor, not even enough to foresee that the trivial may misread him here and there, and all are ingenious. Having discerned a thought, he pursues it through all its possible windings, and notes all the graces along the way. Limitations he has, for he places Omar higher than St. Paul among the tellers of truth, but he is clear-eyed as far as he has been taught, is undeceived by popular clamor and renders true judgment in his verse on current questions; the world of nature finds in him one whom her marvels fill with strong delight, and he can sound a true note of patriotism although with flute and soft recorder, rather than with trumpet or bugle. The translations forming the last third of the book are excellent, and show rare power of adaptation. Here is one who might transfer the charm of Heine to English; some day, not perhaps so many years hence, he may find himself thought worthy of translation into German. The Book Room, No. 4, Park St.

